

HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE BROKEN EAR



MAGNET



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THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE BROKEN EAR



A MAGNET BOOK

Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner
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The loss was discovered this morning by a museum attendant. It is believed the thief must have hidden in the gallery overnight and slipped out when the staff arrived for work. No evidence of a break-in has been found...

Come on Snowy! To the Museum of Ethnography!



The Director? I'm afraid he's engaged: the police are here...



Now, to recapitulate... You say the attendant locked the doors last night at 1712 hours; he noticed nothing unusual. He came on duty this morning at seven. At 0714 he observed that exhibit No. 3542 was missing and immediately raised the alarm. Right?... Now this attendant: is he reliable?



Besides, the fetish has no intrinsic value. In my judgement, it would only be of interest to a collector...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

Why, it's our friend Tintin!



Have you any leads?

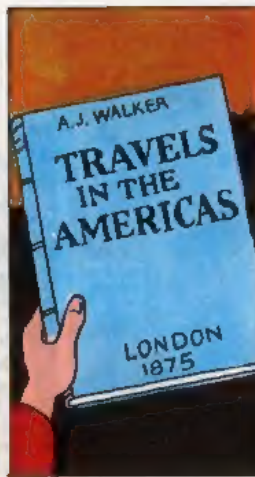
Well, the Arumbaya fetish has no in... er... no instinctive value... The solution is quite simple: it was removed by a collector.

To be precise: it was collected by a remover.



Some hours later...

This is the book. I'm sure it has something about the Arumbayas.



Aha! This is interesting... Listen, Snowy. "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blow-pipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare..." You hear that, Snowy?



We decided to stay there. Their generosity and gave us a plentiful



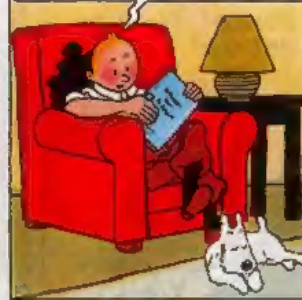
... Curare!... the terrible vegetable poison which paralyses one's breathing!... Oh! "Arumbaya fetish"... But... but... it's the very one that's been stolen!



I therefore made an accurate sketch they urged me to go



Odd coincidence, don't you think, Snowy?... Snowy isn't interested... he's gone to sleep... I think I'll follow suit.

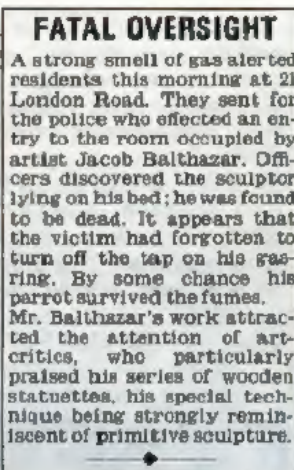
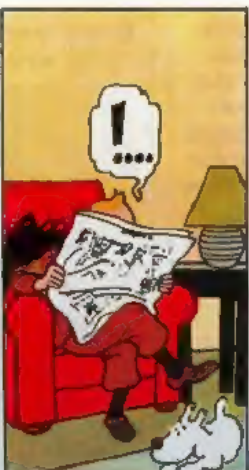
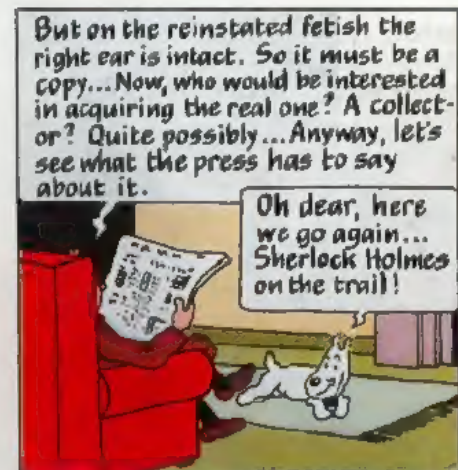
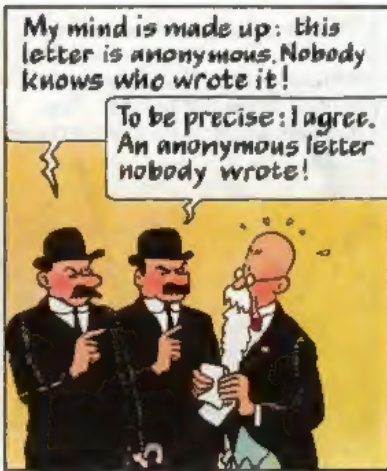
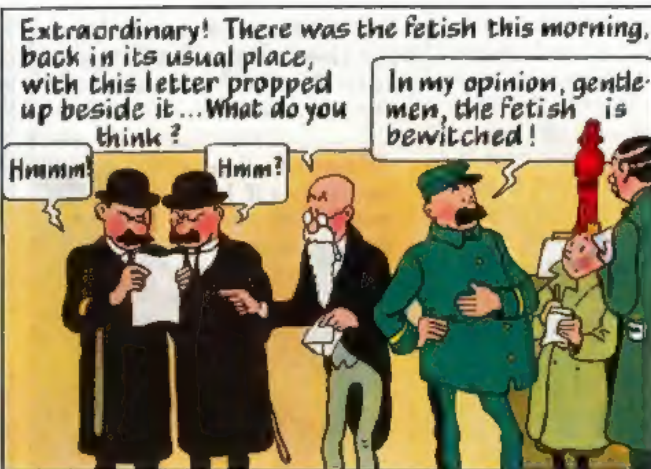


The next morning...



Yes, who is that?... Oh, it's you, Fred... What? The fetish?... My goodness me! I'll come at once...





Half an hour later...

Excuse me... Is this the house where Mr. Balthazar lived?



Yes, this is it. Ooh, sir, what a tragedy!... Such a polite gentleman!... And all that learning!... Maybe he wasn't all that regular with the rent, but he always paid it in the end. And such a way with animals! A parrot and three white mice, that's what he had...



I'm minding the parrot for the time being. But I can't keep it. So if you know of anyone...

Of course... I was wondering if I might look at Mr. Balthazar's room?



I'll take you up. Such a character he was... sniff... I can still see him... his everlasting black velvet suit, and that big hat... And all that smoking! A pipe in his mouth all day long, he had. But he never touched the drink...

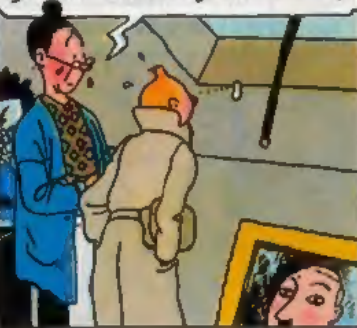
Oh?



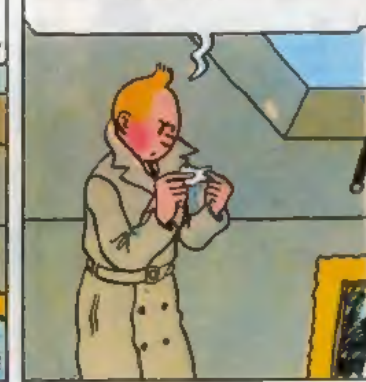
Here is his room...



This is where we found him... sniff... They had to send for a locksmith... the door was locked from the inside... The gas was whistling out of the ring.



A little scrap of grey flannel...

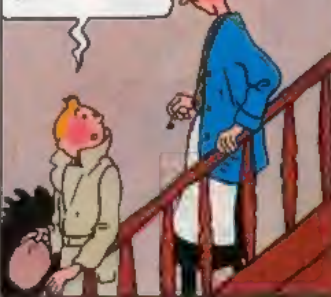


And so clever he was... Just look at those flowers: you can almost smell them...



You knew Mr. Balthazar well?

Er... that's to say... not intimately...



If by any chance you found a parrot-lover... It's such a friendly bird!

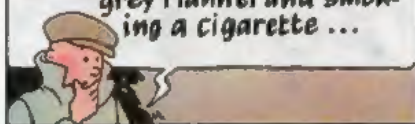
Naturally, I'll remember you. Good-bye and thanks.



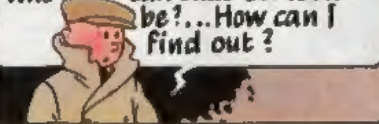
An accident?... Funny sort of accident, I'd say...



A very funny accident!... The gas was whistling out of the ring. So, if the tap was on when Balthazar went to bed he'd have heard it. Unless he was drunk; but he never touched drink. Therefore someone turned the tap on after the sculptor was dead, since the gas wasn't strong enough to kill the parrot. And that someone was wearing something made of grey flannel and smoking a cigarette...



...witness the piece of cloth and the cigarette end, which couldn't have belonged to the victim: he only smoked a pipe, and he wore a velvet suit. So Mr. Balthazar was murdered. He was murdered because he'd probably made a replica of the Arumbaya fetish for someone. And someone didn't want him to talk... Someone?... Someone?... Who can that 'someone' be?... How can I find out?



Great snakes!... Why not?!





Excuse me, but I've been thinking. I'll buy Mr. Balthazar's parrot.

The parrot? Oooh, sir!



If you'd only been two minutes sooner! I just sold it. The gentleman who bought it was here a moment ago; you must have passed him.

Just my luck!



Look, there he goes! You see the gentleman with a parcel under his arm? That's him.



Let's hope he'll agree to resell it to me.



Grrreat greedy-guts!



Hey, you!...D'you always behave like that? Let me tell you, I'm not used to being insulted!

Perdone, Señor.



Very well! But another time you'll be in trouble!

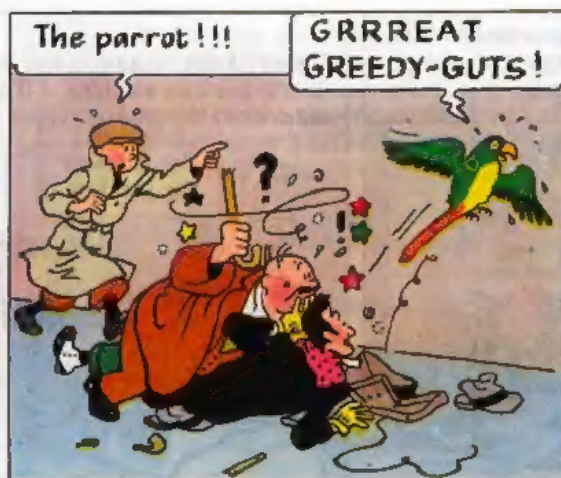
But...I assure the señor...



GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!



Oh, help! It's a regular punch-up...Ooh! The parrot! The parrot!!



The parrot!!!

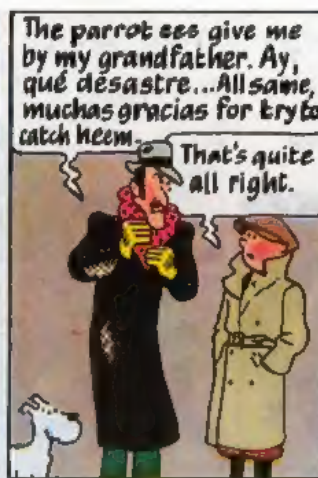
GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!



Estúpido! Imbécil! Great greedy-guts! Look what you do: my beautiful parrot ees escapado! Ees perdido!



The only witness to Balthazar's death, the only one who could have talked, and there he goes.

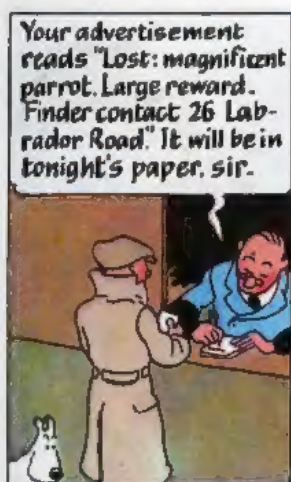


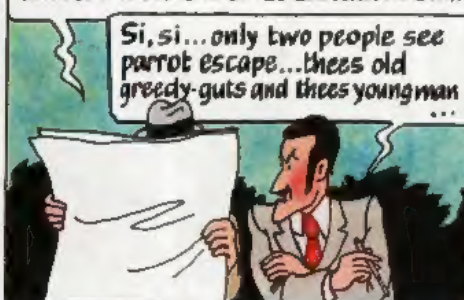
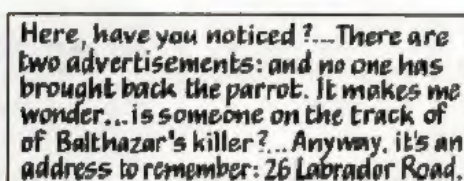
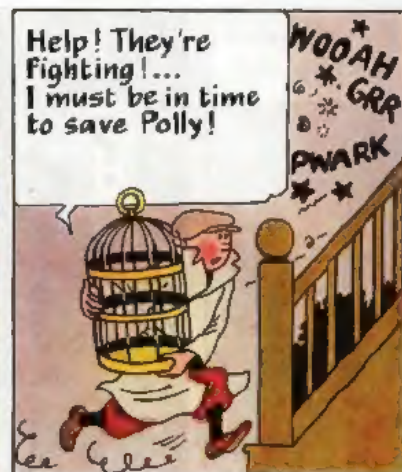
The parrot ees give me by my grandfather. Ay, qué desastre...All same, muchas gracias for try to catch heem.

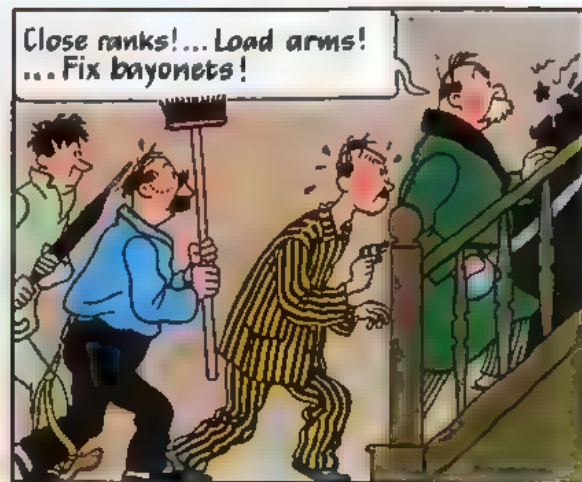
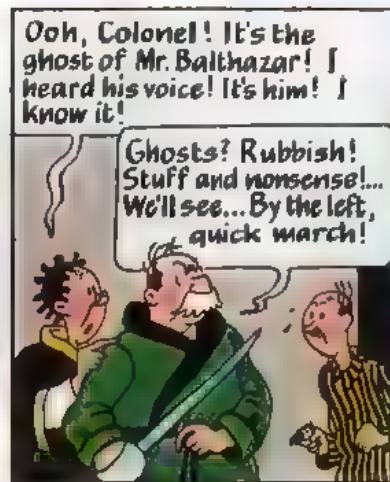
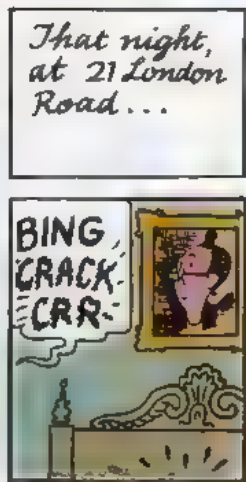
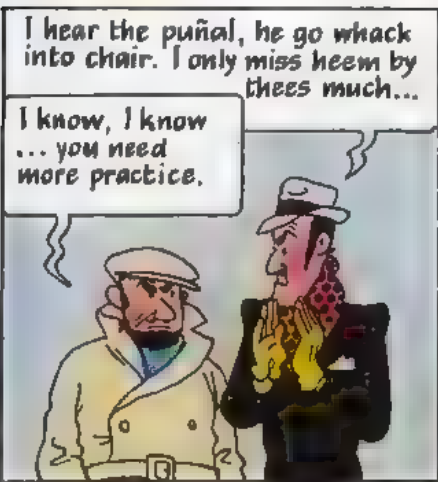
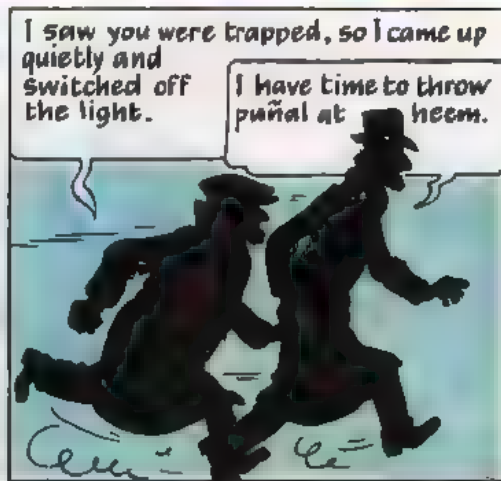
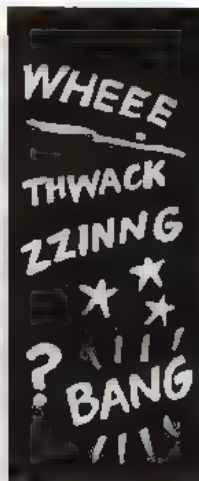
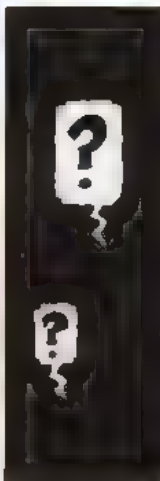
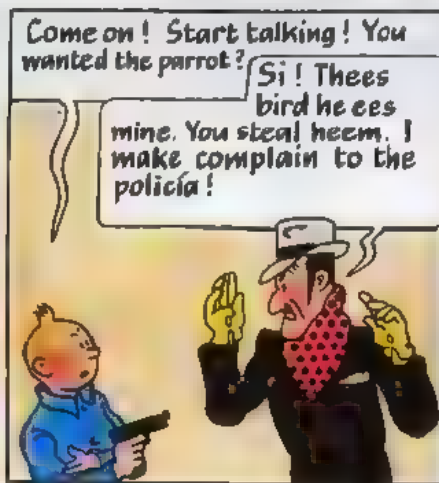
That's quite all right.

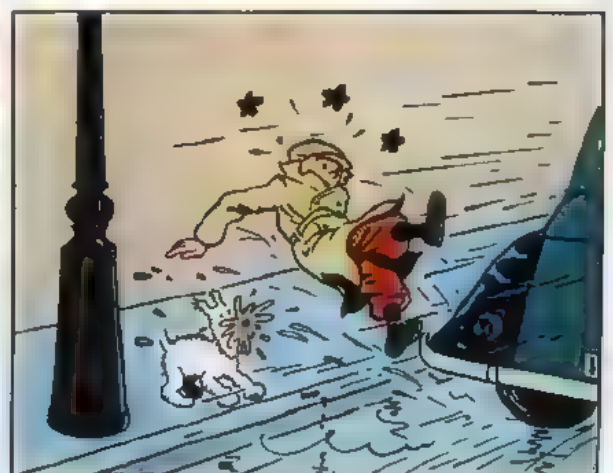
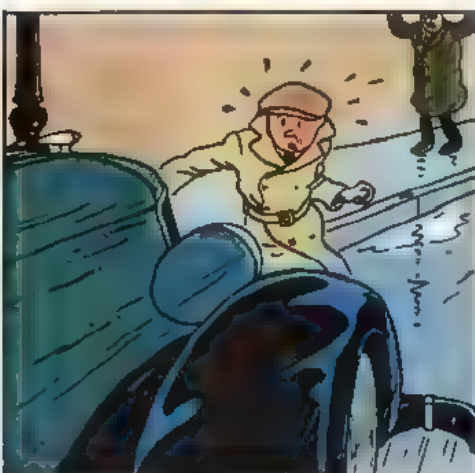
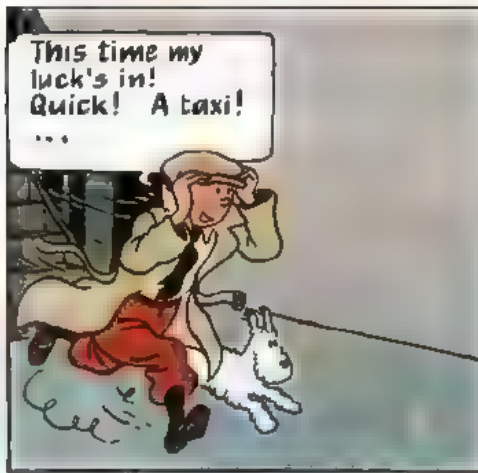
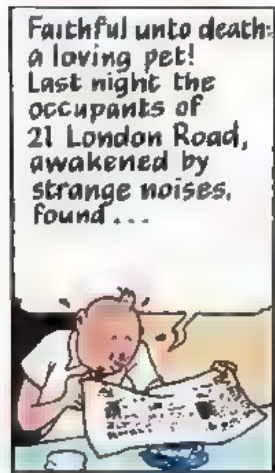


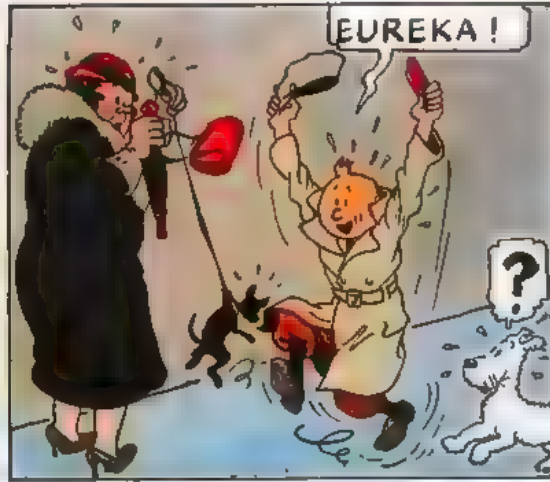
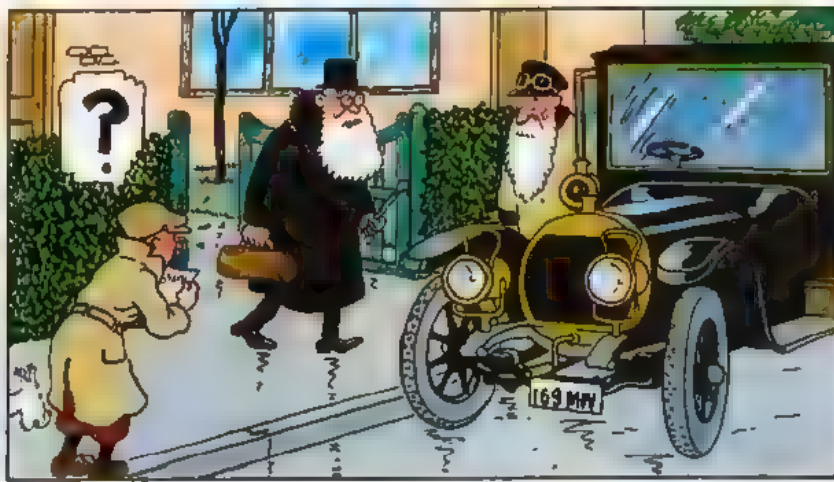
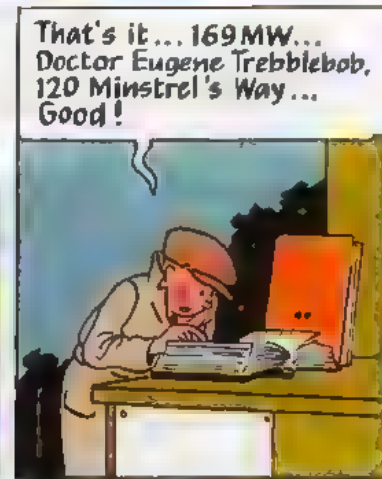
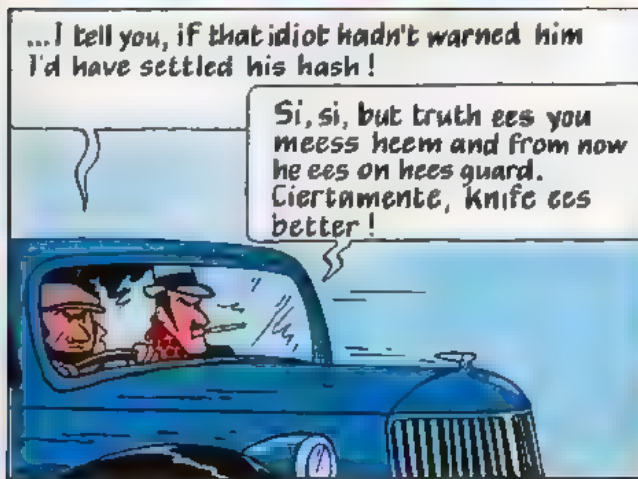
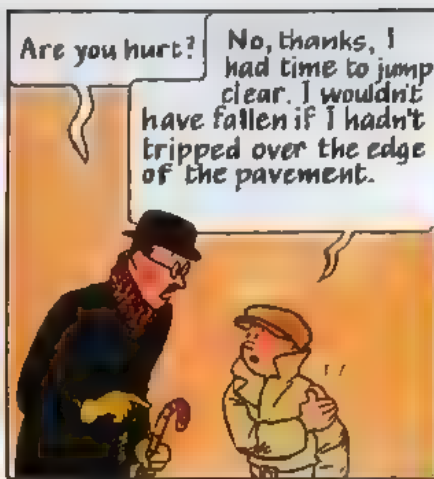
"Give to me by my grandfather" Why tell a lie? I wonder, could he be interested in the parrot for the same reason as me?











Look, Snowy! You see: 169 MW.
Now watch: one... two...



Three!... Presto!
... MW 691!



They just turned their numberplates
upside down... Perfectly simple!



Now then... MW 691
... Alonso Perez,
engineer, Sunny
Bank, Freshfield
... Not far from
here to Freshfield...
Let's go!



That night...



Caramba!...
Again ees too
much to right!



Ha! ha! ha!...
Caramba!...
WHOOPEE!



All you need do is
aim more to the
left: that way
you hit the bulls-
eye...



Muy bien, aim
more to the
left?...
Why not?



GRRREAT GREEDY-
GUTS!



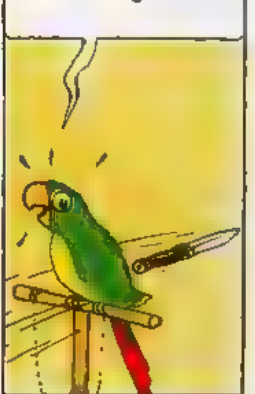
Grrreat greedy-guts!
Grrreat greedy-guts!
PWARK!
PWARK!



You fool! What are
you doing?...



Carrramba!...
Missed again!...



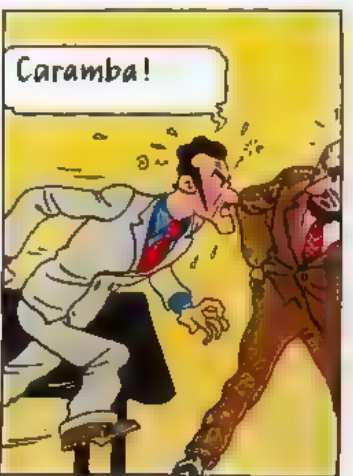
Crazy idiot! Think
what that parrot
means to us! Are
you out of your
mind? What about
the fetish?



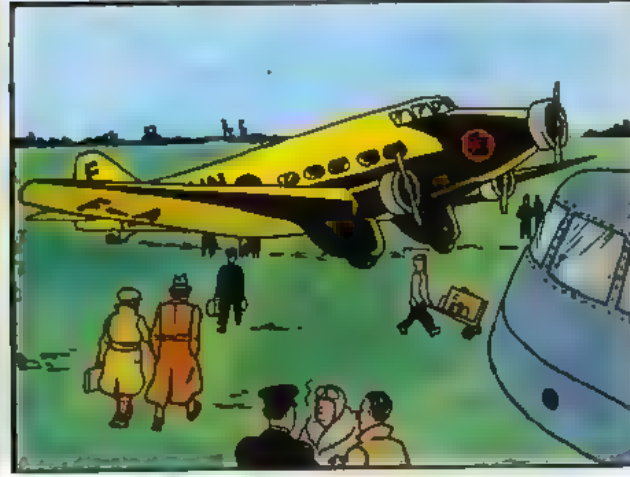
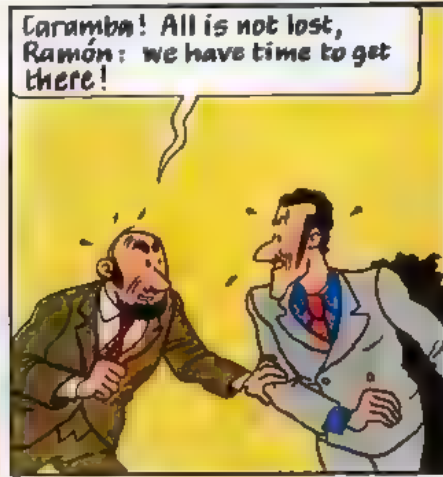
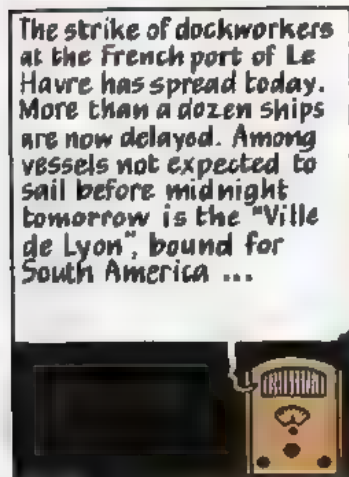
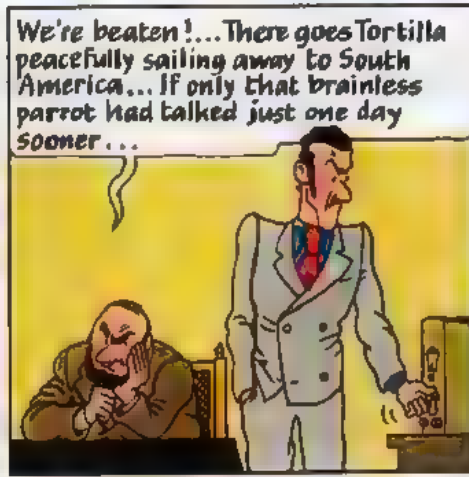
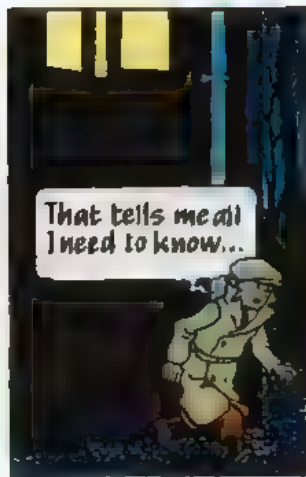
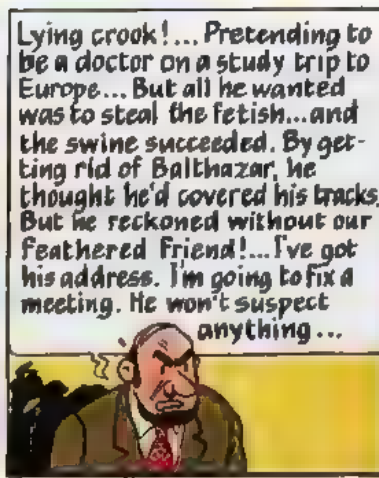
Fetish! Fetish! Al infierno
weeth thees fetish!...
And I wreeng the neck
of thees feelthy
parrot!...



Carrramba!
... Ha! ha!
ha!...
Grrreat
greedy-
guts!



Caramba!



Now, clever Señor Tortilla, the fun begins!



Several days later...

Well? Still nothing?

Nothing. No sign of heem anywhere!



Perhaps he see us and he keep to hees cabin... Or may be he nevaire come aboard thees ship... Een thees case...

Ssh! Someone's coming...



Did you see?...



That feegure... eet could be...

Tintin, couldn't it?



No, ciertamente ees impossible! ... Also, how could he know?



Sssh!



Or him?



It's crazy! We've started seeing Tintins around every corner! They're all fairly short... O.K. ... But what does that prove?

... Ees right.



But no, ees not right! Eet ees heem! Ees first one, thees one in the cap. I remember heem: ees in same aeroplane and he seet behind us. Ees following us. I tell you, ees Tintin!



All right, there's only one answer. He's got to go!

Esta noche... to-night, after the dinner, we feex heem good!



That evening...

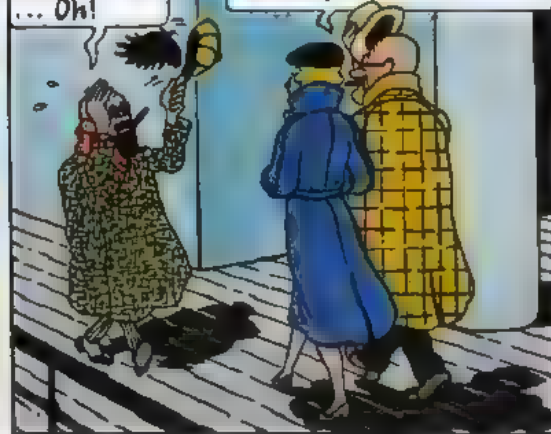


Now don't forget: aim a little more to the left...



Goodnight! ... Oh!

Goodnight to you!



A weeg! Ees wearing a weeg! Ciertamente, ees heem!

Careful, he's coming! Now above all, don't miss!



OOH! ... HELP! ... MURDER! HELP!





STOP THEM!



HELP! HELP!
MURDER!



Madre! Ees dose theeng... And to think I meess heem as well! ...Ees your fault. You weeth your "Leettle more to the left"!



Well, it's the first time you landed where you aimed... Anyway, it's probably a good thing you didn't hit him, since it wasn't Tintin!



Ees right. But I could swear eet ees heem... Only hees voice when he shout ees not heem.

There's still the other: the little old man.



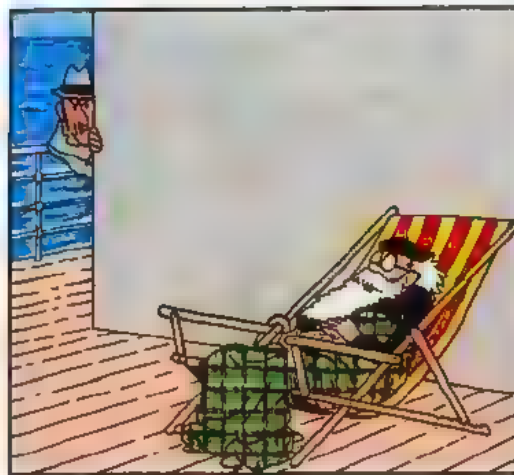
Next morning...

You are ready? We now go to work weeth thees leettle old man...

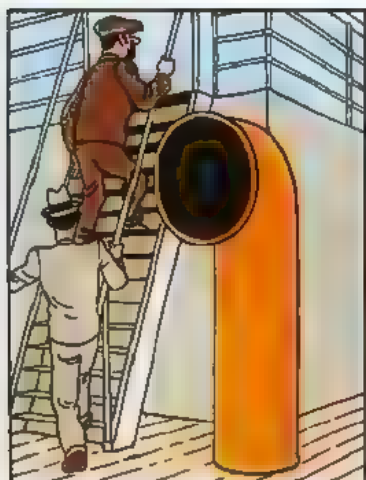


Ees heem!! Hespy on us!

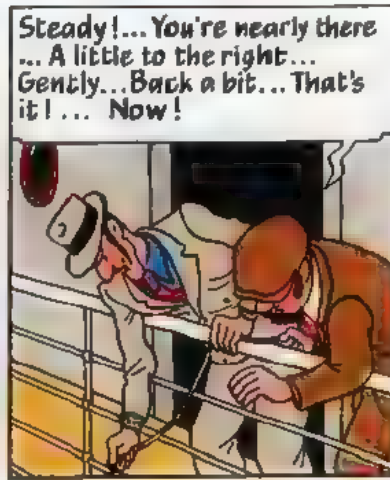
O.K., let's see. We'll follow him...



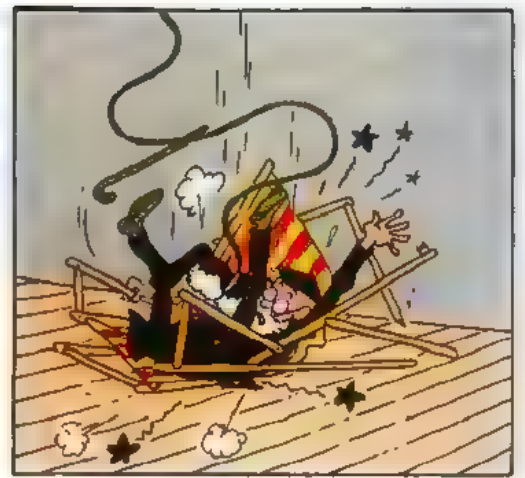
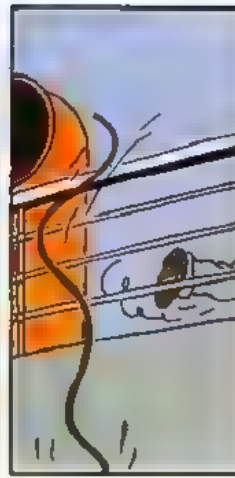
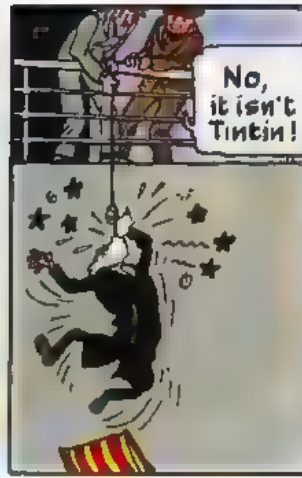
No, not that way. We aren't sure it's him. I've a better idea: come with me...

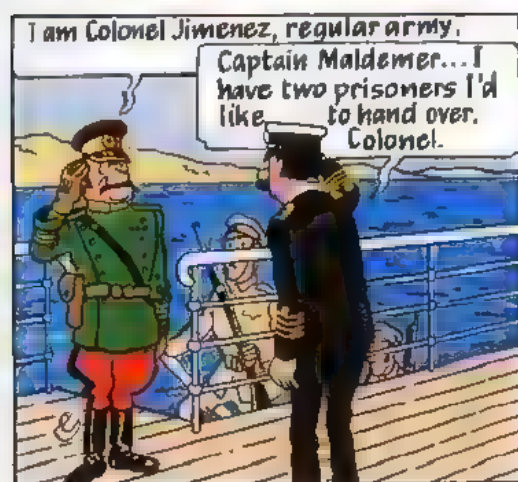
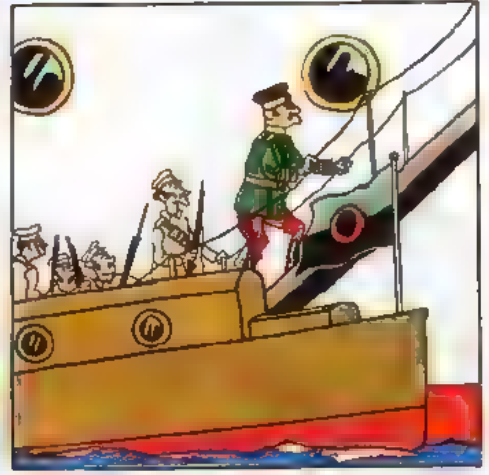
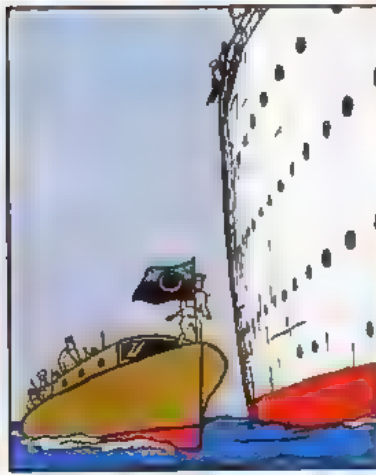
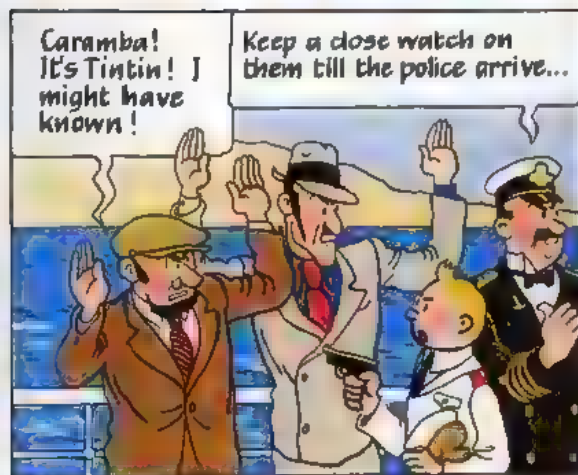
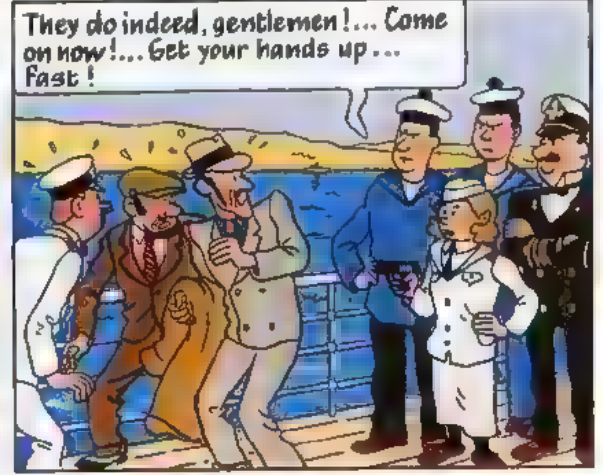
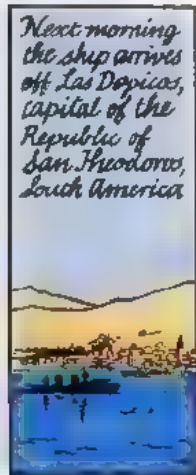


Get it? If it's Tintin, he must be wearing a false beard. So...



Steady!... You're nearly there... A little to the right... Gently... Back a bit... That's it!... Now!





Good idea of yours to meet the boat... Excellent... But there's still the fetish...

Don't worry...they won't have it for long!



... And that's the whole story. Look, here's the fetish they stole from the wretched Tortilla. Does anything in particular strike you about it?

I reckon it's another fake. The right ear isn't broken.



Exactly. So we still need to know two things. First, where's the real fetish... and then, what are all these gangsters really after?



RAT TAT TAT

Come in!



A letter for Mr. Tintin, sir. A police launch just brought it.



Republic of San Theodoros
Ministry of Justice
Los Dopicos

The Minister presents his compliments to Mr. Tintin and requests his presence ashore to assist in the interrogation of two suspects. Mr. Tintin is further invited to bring with him the stolen fetish. An officer will meet Mr. Tintin on shore and put himself at his disposal.



Things are beginning to move. I'll just get myself ready and then I'll go.



See you later! Good luck!

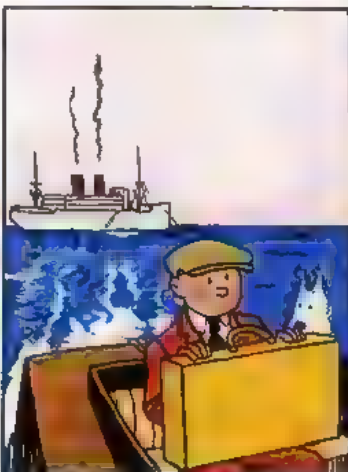
Thanks goodbye.



Don't forget, we'll be sailing tonight at eight o'clock.



Don't worry, I'll be back. I don't want to get stuck in this place!

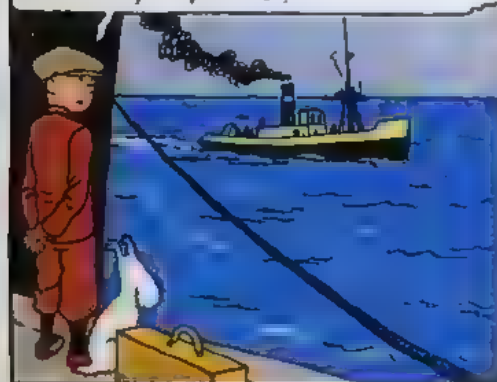


All right then, that's understood. You'll pick me up here at 1900 hours.

Yes, sir

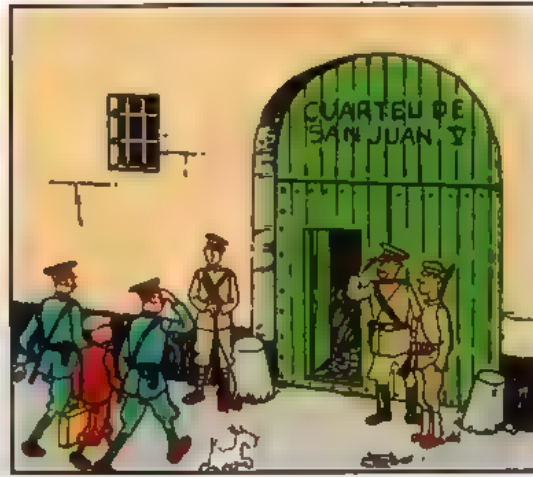
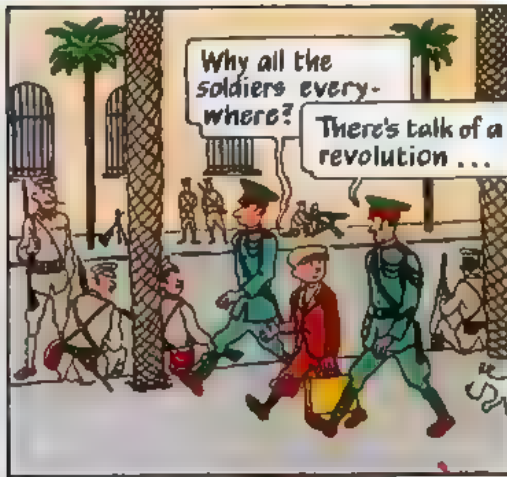


Now we just have to wait for that obliging officer to come and put himself at my disposal!



Hey! My suitcase!





Well, well, here I am again... in the soup!



Still, it's not so bad. The launch from the "Ville de Lyon" is due to pick me up at seven. When I don't appear they'll go back to the ship and alert the Captain... He'll get me out easily enough.



Doesn't that dog belong to the lad they just took in?



Yes, and I guess he'll have a long wait for his master...

1900 hours...



Perdone, señor teniente, but are you waiting for a young man to take out to the "Ville de Lyon"?



Yes, how d'you know that?

Because he said to tell you not to wait for him. And here's a letter he asked me to give you...



"To the Captain of the Ville de Lyon." All right, thank you.



That's that taken care of!

There's the launch going back. They'll warn the Captain.



... And there's the letter the man gave me.



Las Dopicos
Dear Captain,
As you know, I planned to continue my trip with you. However, something new has come up concerning the theft of the fetish, forcing me to stay longer in Las Dopicos.
I am extremely sorry if I have inconvenienced you.

I am extremely sorry if I have inconvenienced you.

What's happening? It must be nearly eight o'clock and the launch still isn't back...



TOOOOT TOOOOT

That's the "Ville de Lyon"!



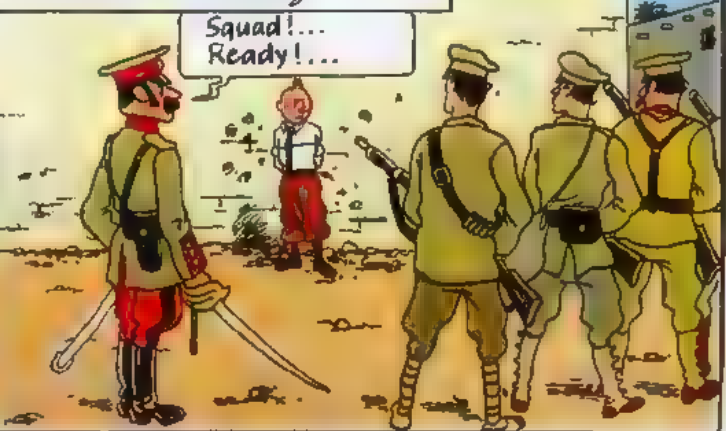
They're weighing anchor... sailing without me!!



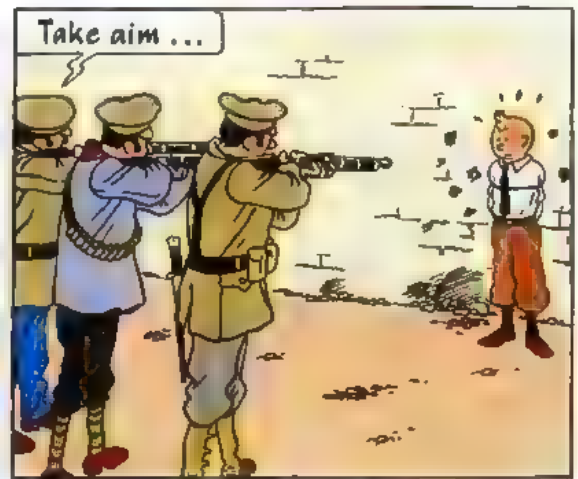
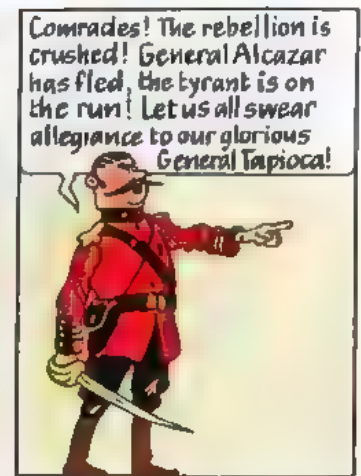
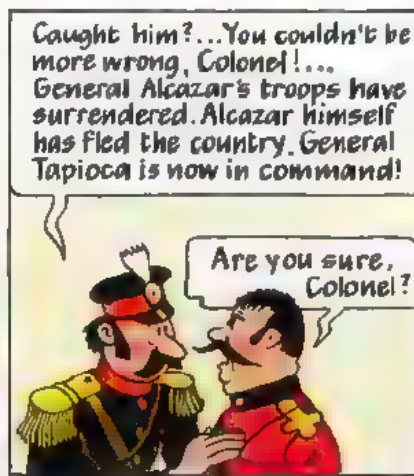
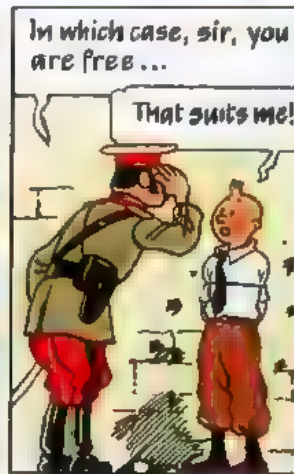
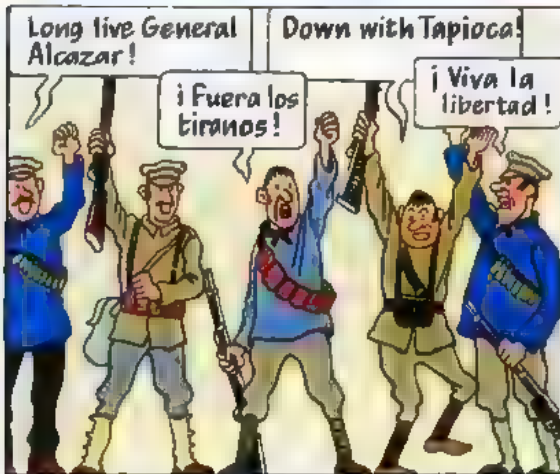
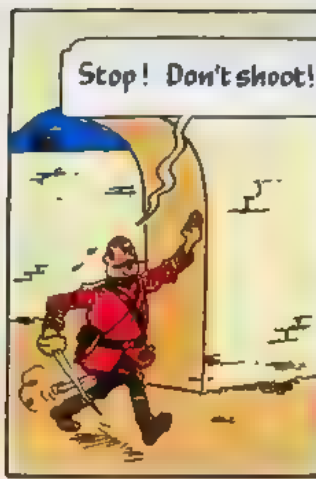
This time it's hopeless... I can't see any way to get myself off the hook...

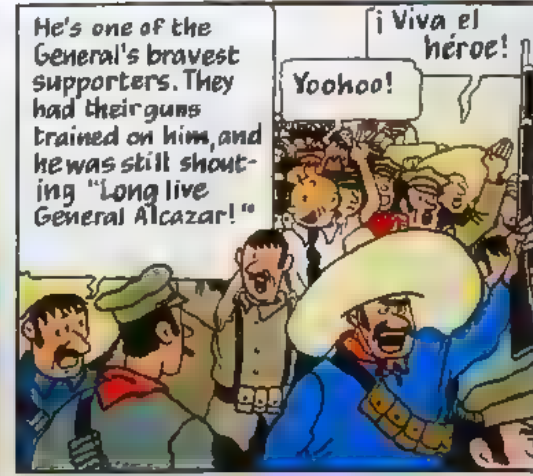
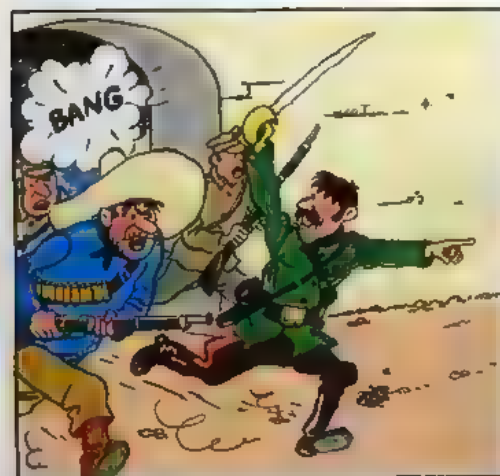
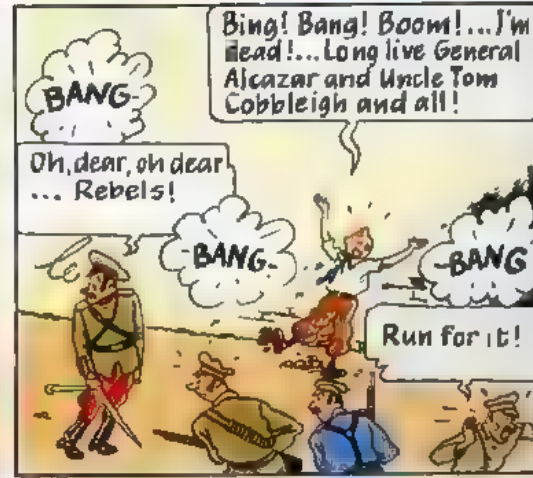
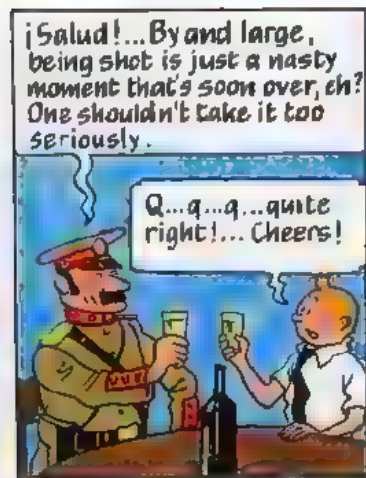
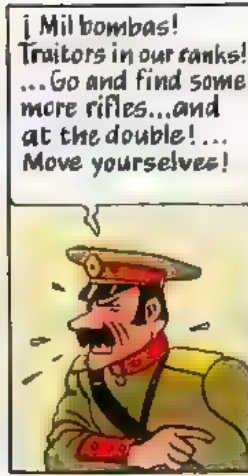


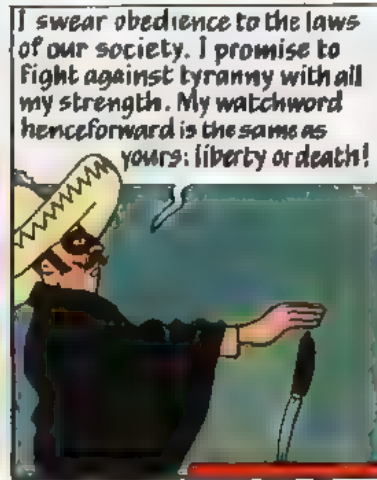
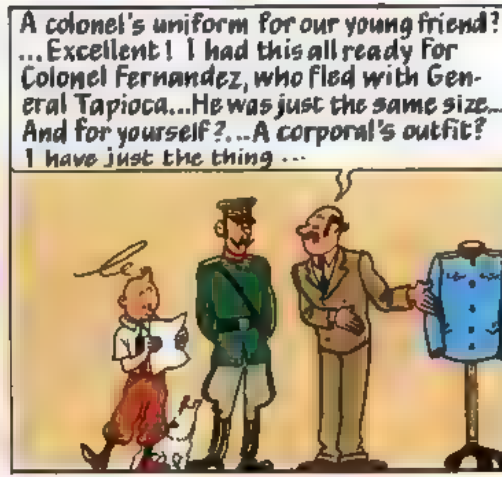
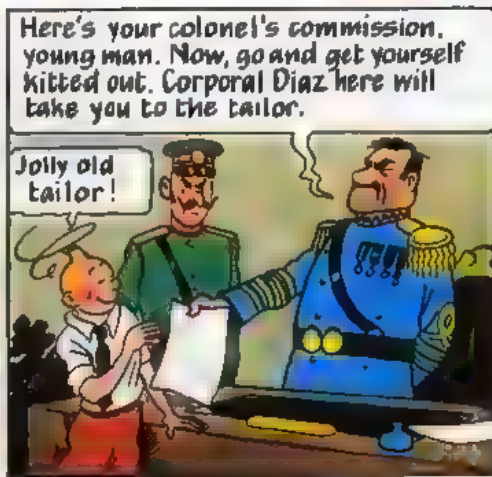
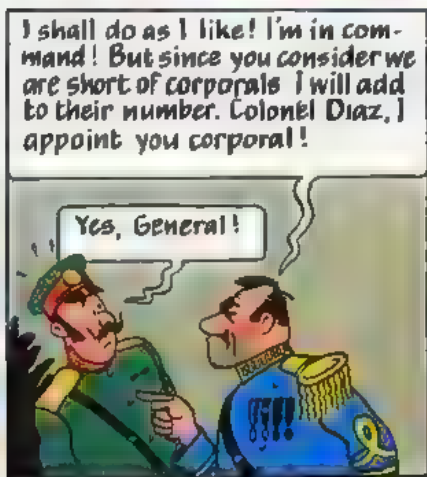
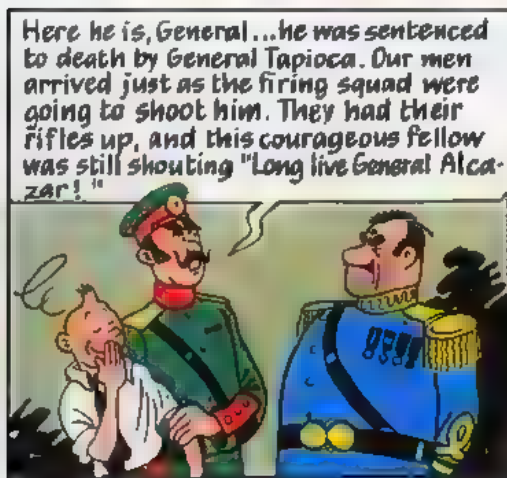
And next morning...

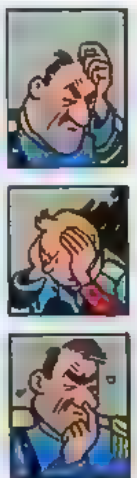
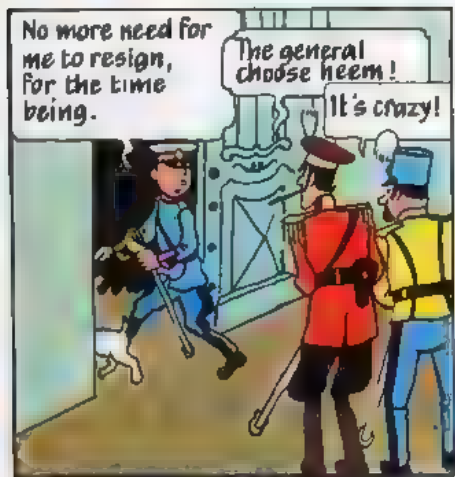
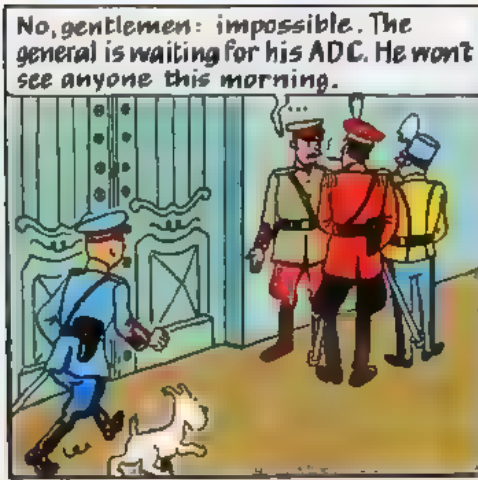


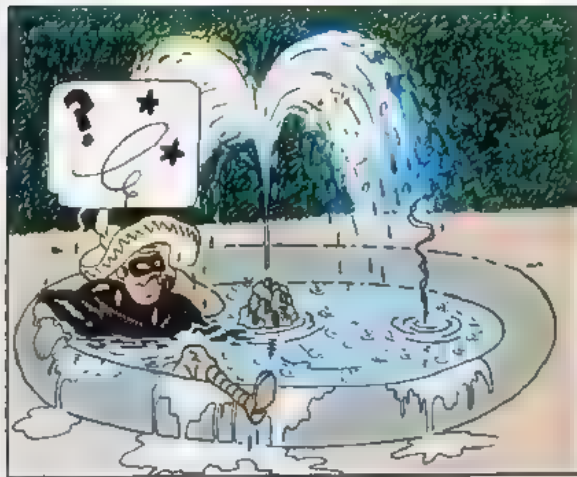
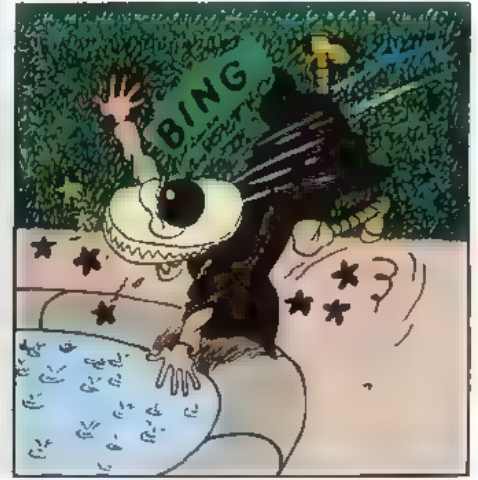
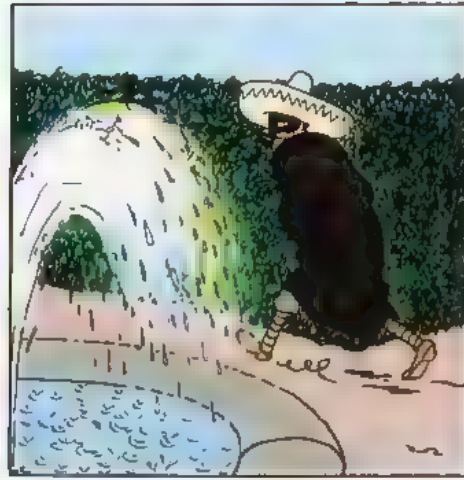
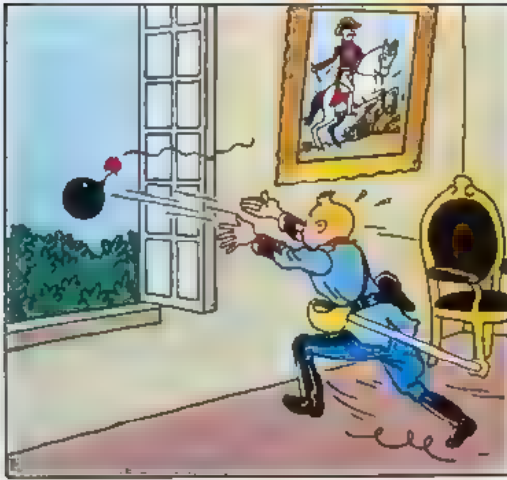
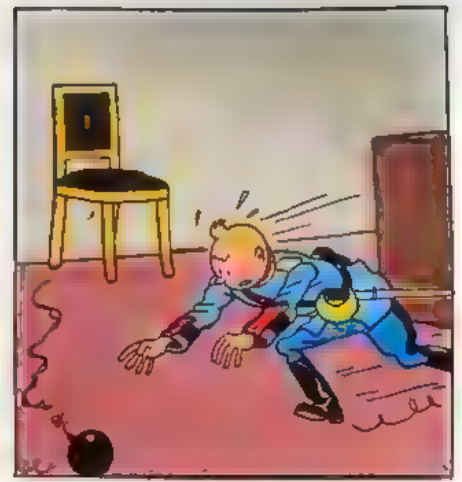
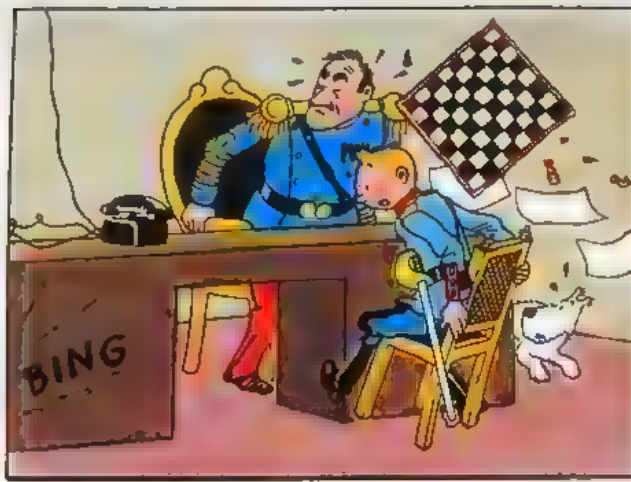
Squad!... Ready!...

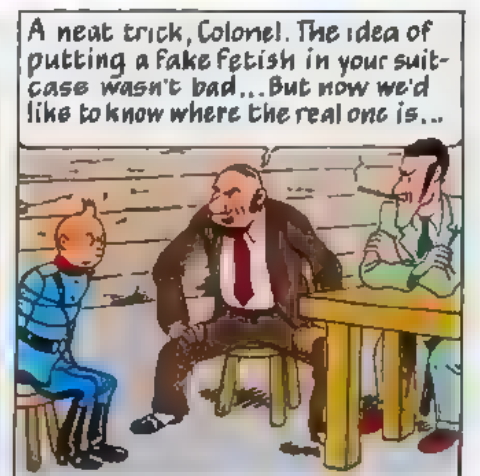
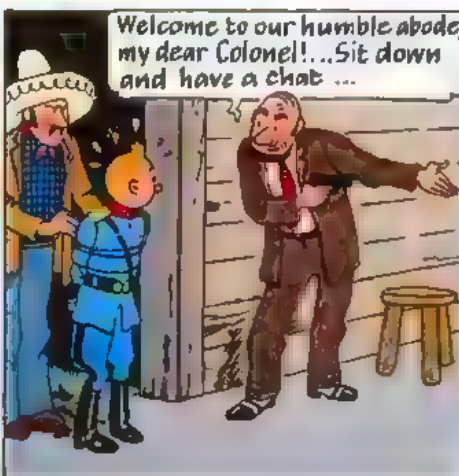
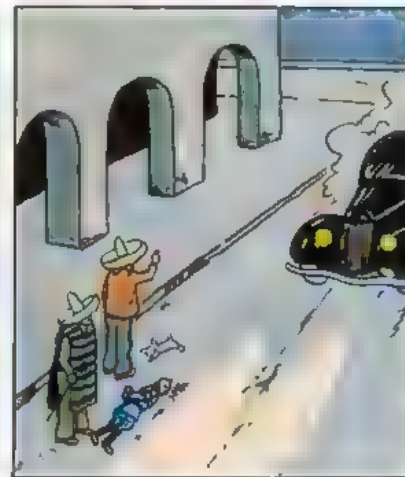
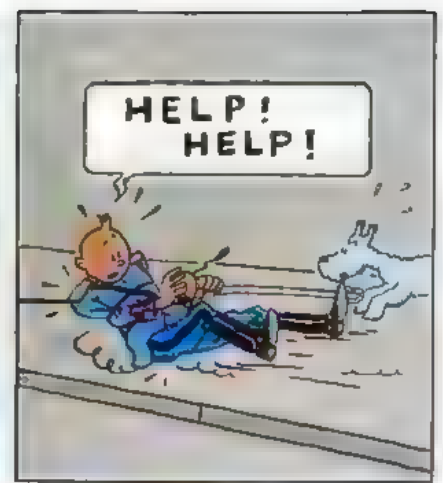
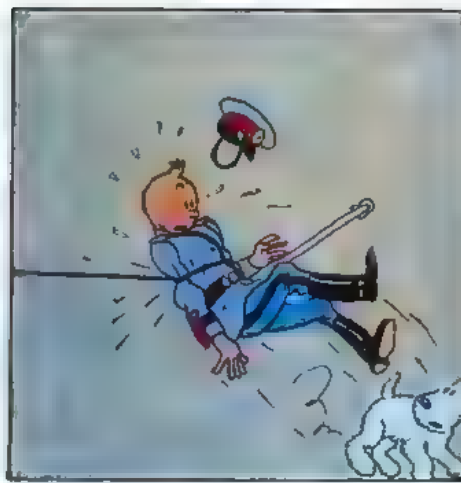


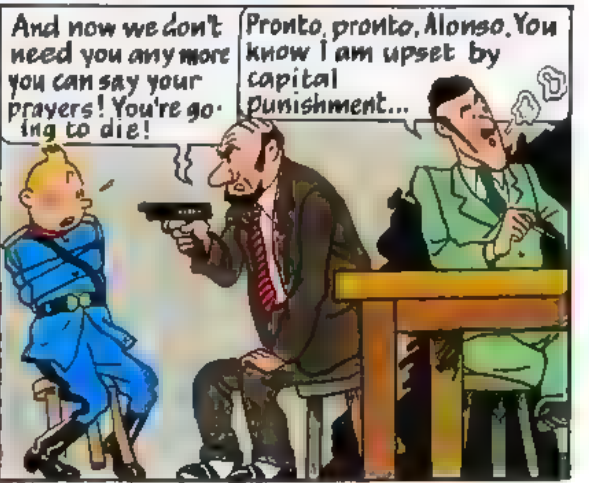
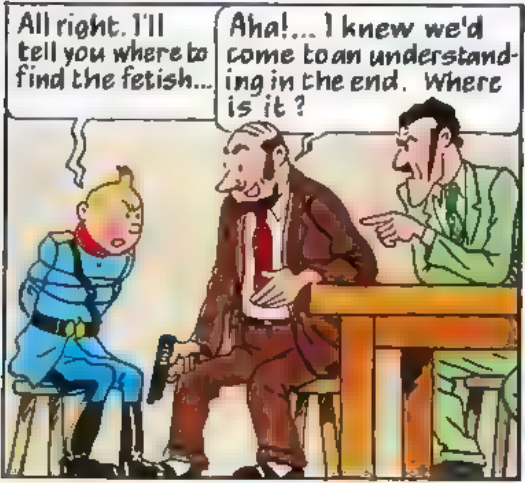
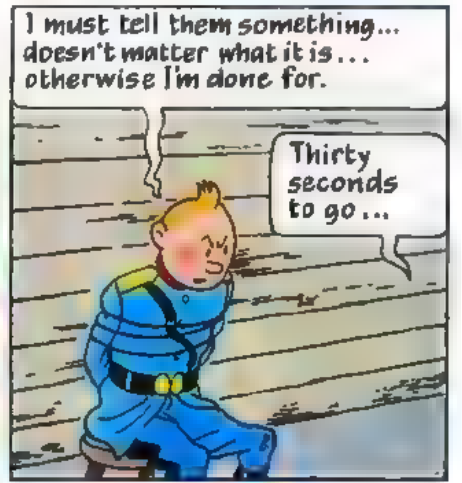
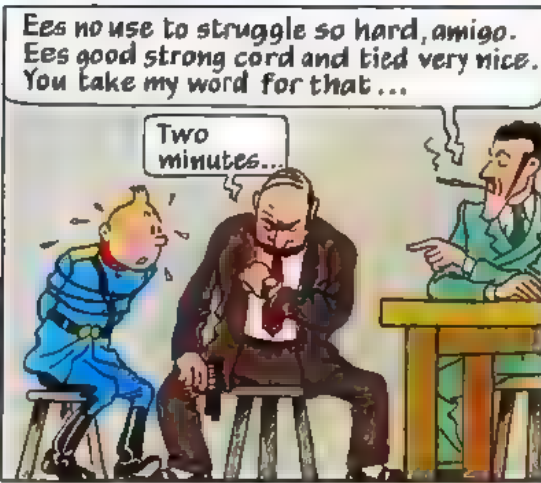
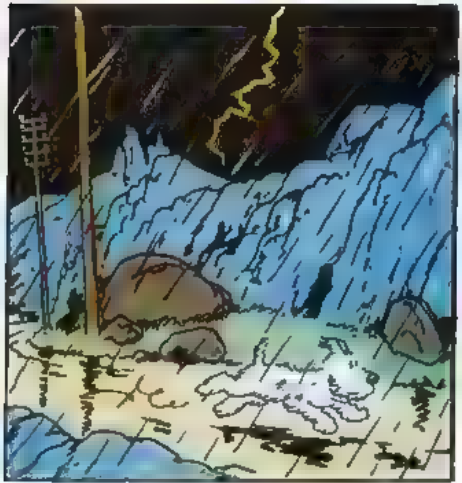
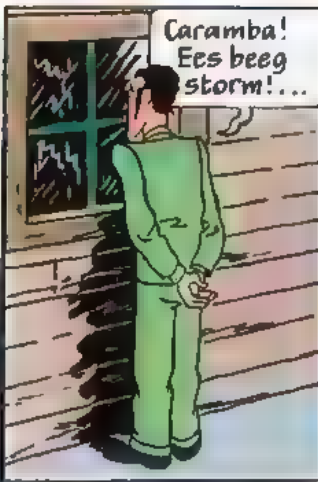
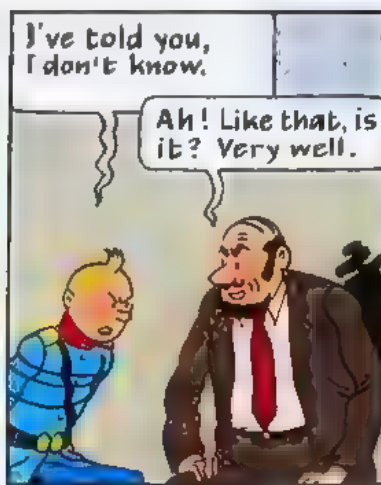
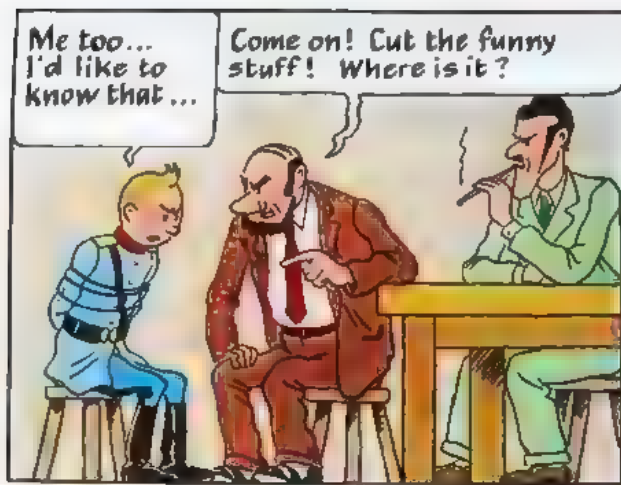


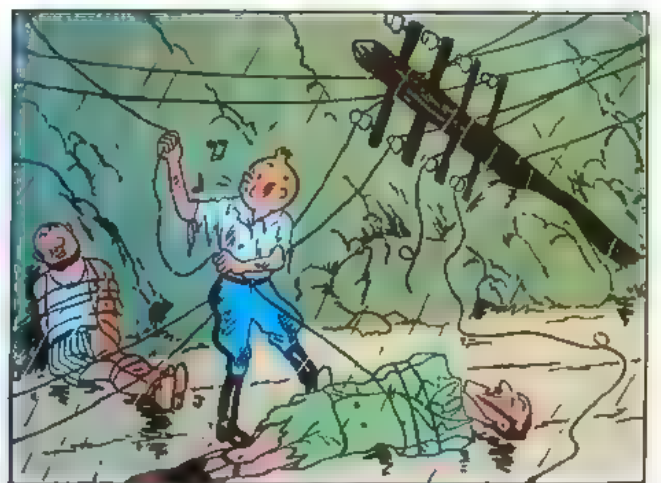
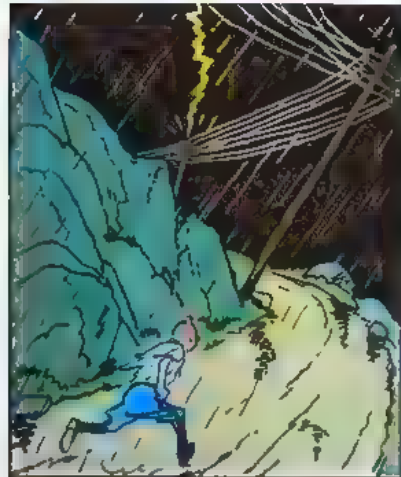
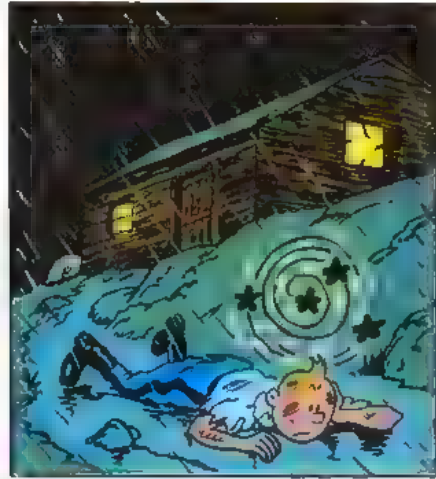
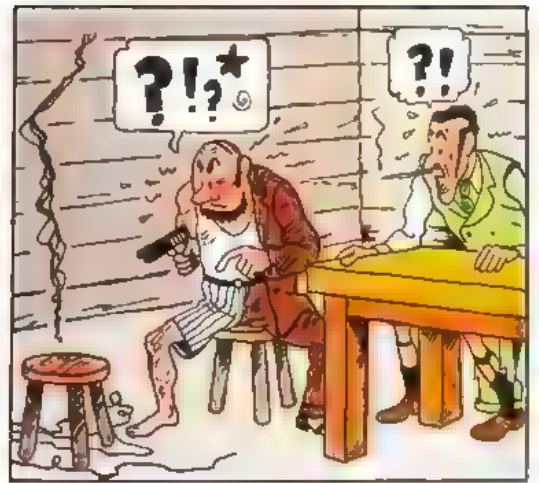


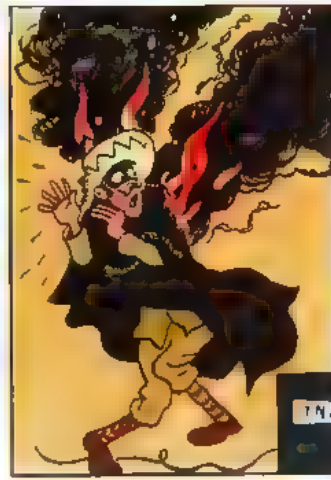
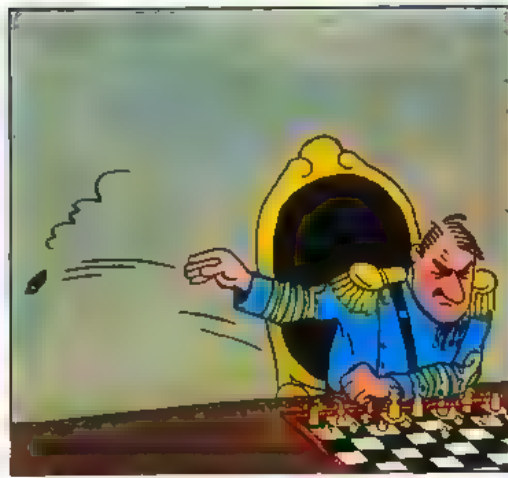
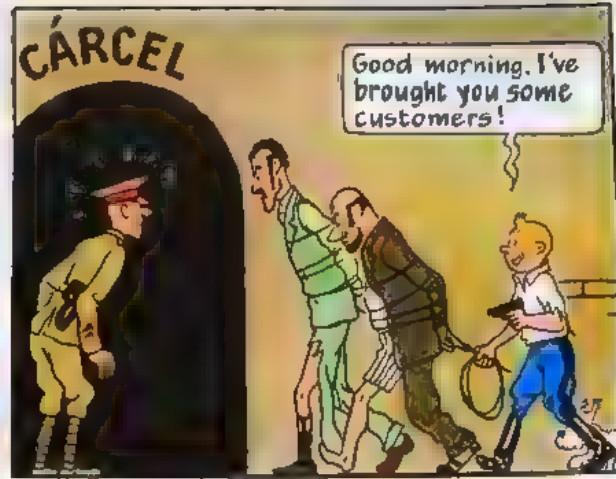
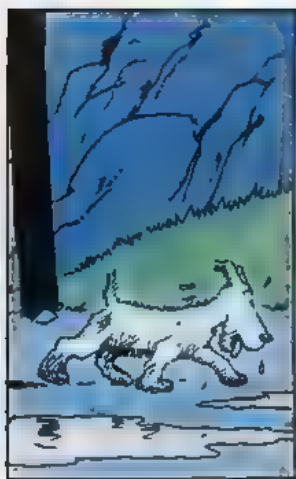


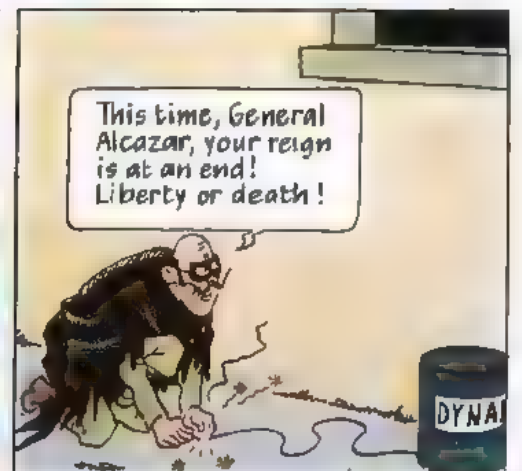
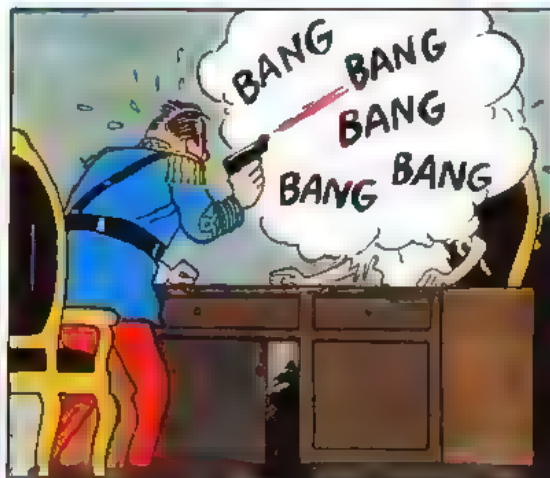
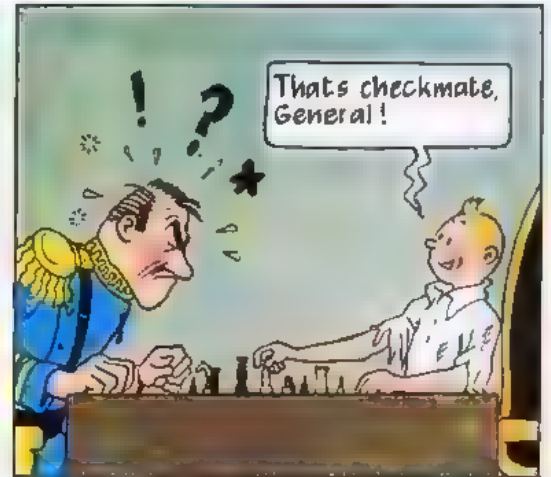
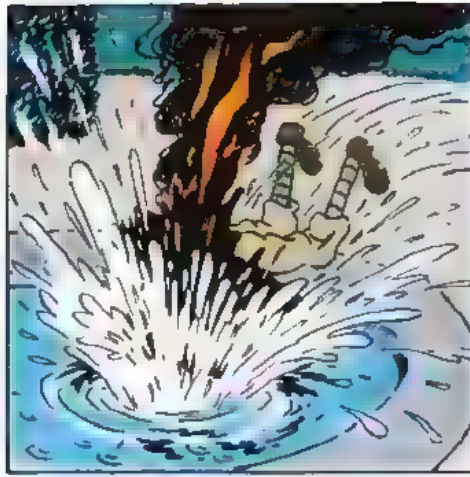
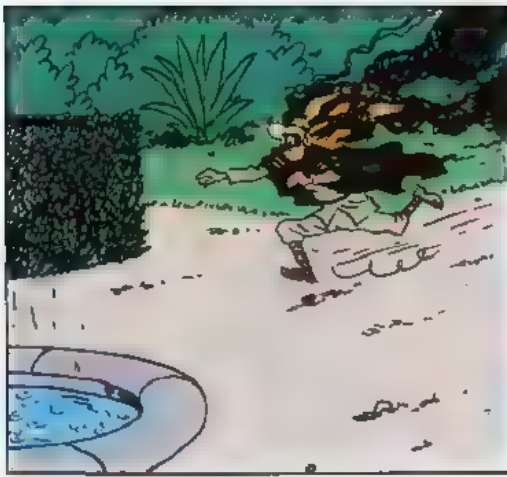


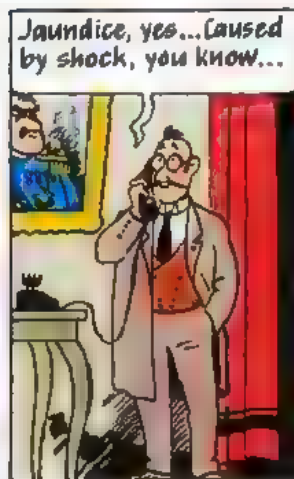
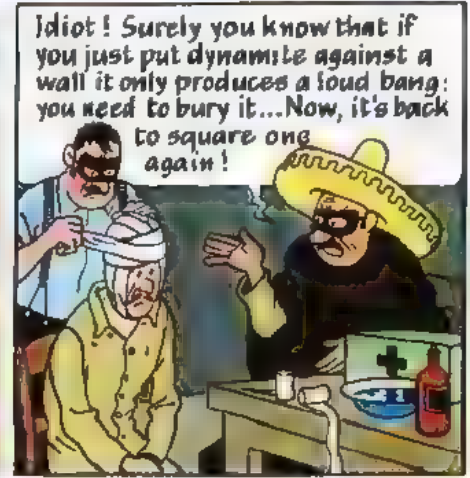
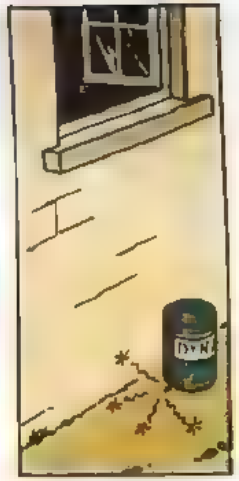
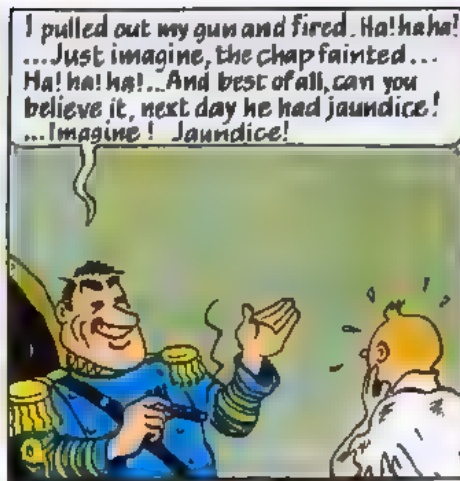








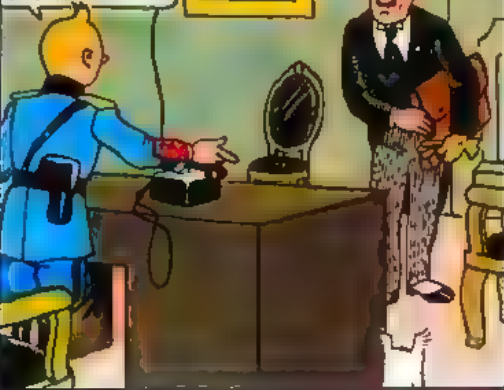




R W. Tricker, representative, General American Oil. All right, show him in.



Good morning. Do please sit down.



Well, Colonel, the reason I'm here... I heard yesterday...

Please excuse me...

Yes, of course...



Hello?... Hello?... Yes, Captain... What?... They've escaped!



We are free, and soon the fetish es ours!



And soon we'll have our revenge too; we have old scores to settle with Tintin!

Now, sir... I'm all yours...



Well, a geological survey party has just announced evidence of oil deposits in the Gran Chapo region... the desert lying partly in your own country and partly in the neighbouring territory, the Republic of Nuevo-Rico.

General American Oil seeks to obtain a concession to work these fields. Obviously, your government will have an interest in the profits that would accrue...



I see. I'm afraid General Alcazar is ill, and I cannot...



Of course, of course. But you could render us invaluable service. I mentioned that part of the oil fields lie in Nuevo-Rican territory. My company wishes to exploit the whole region: so it follows that you must take over the area.

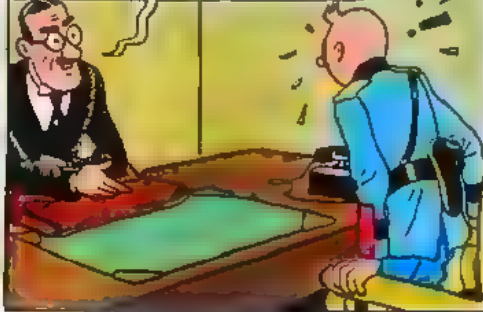


But... that would mean war!

Unfortunately, yes. But what can one do? You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, can you, Colonel?



So, here's the reason for my visit. We will give you 100,000 dollars in cash if you will persuade General Alcazar to undertake the campaign... Is it a deal?

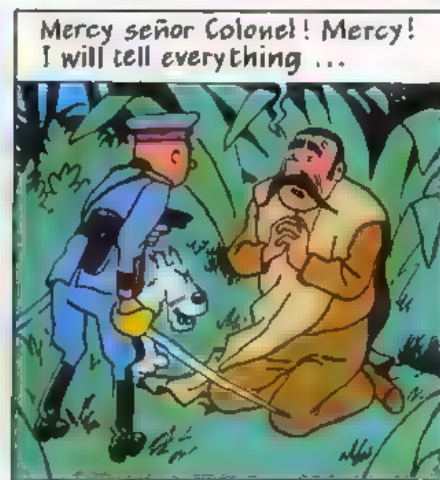
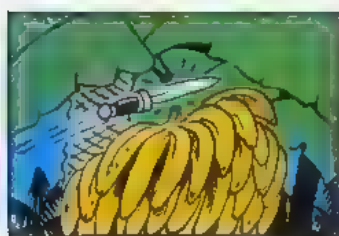
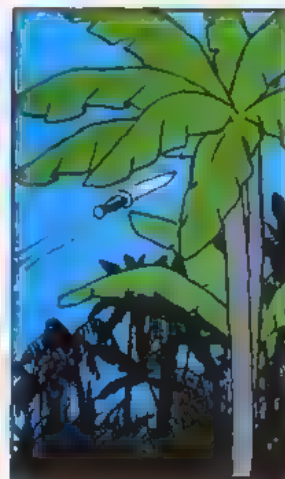
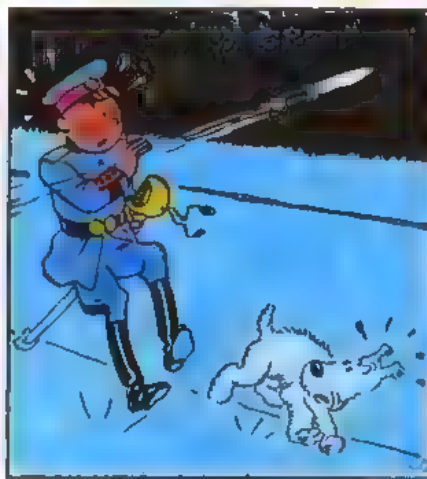
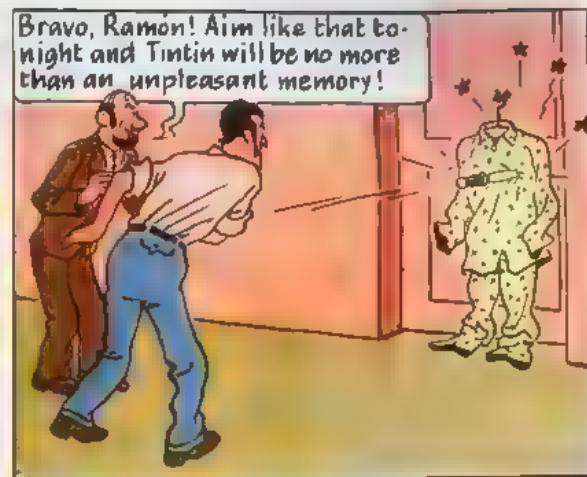


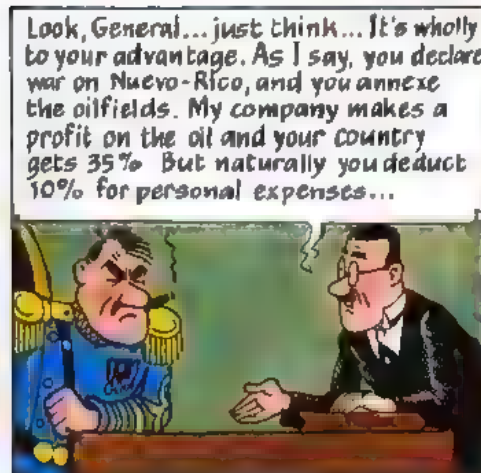
You're making a big mistake in refusing my offer. But, just as you wish, Colonel! Goodbye!

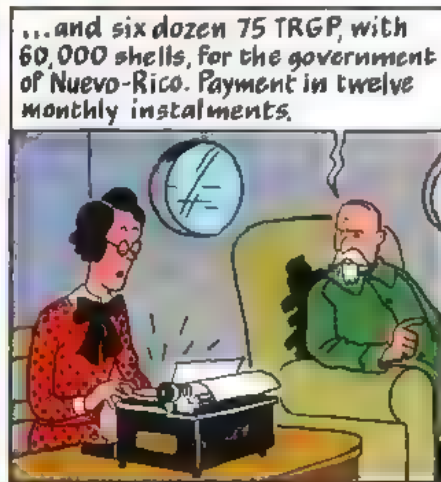
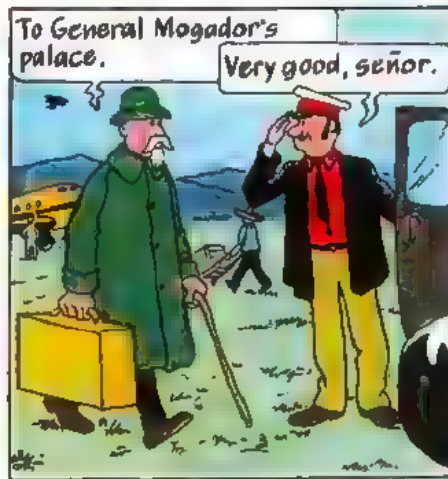
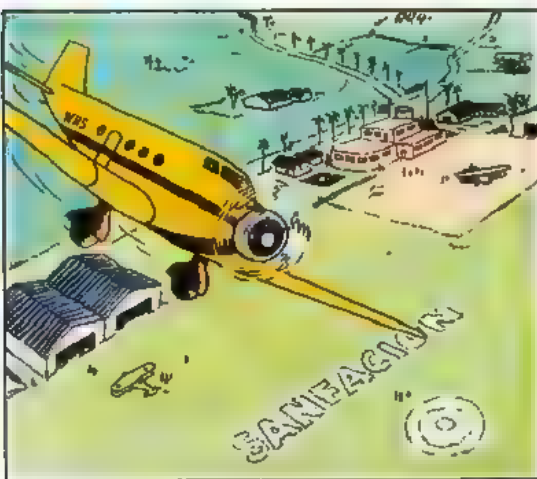
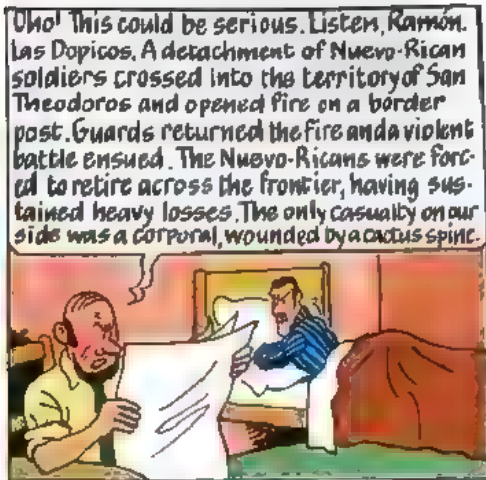
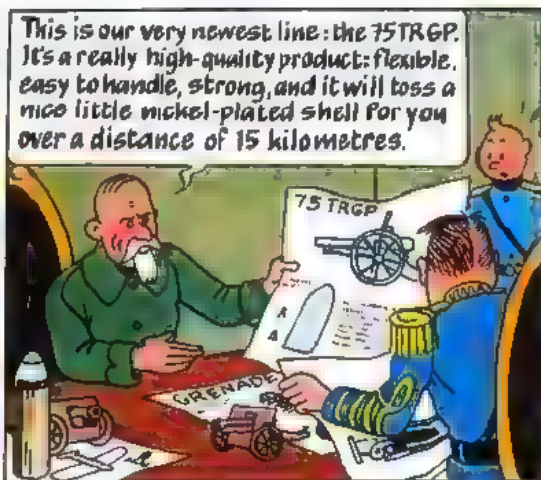


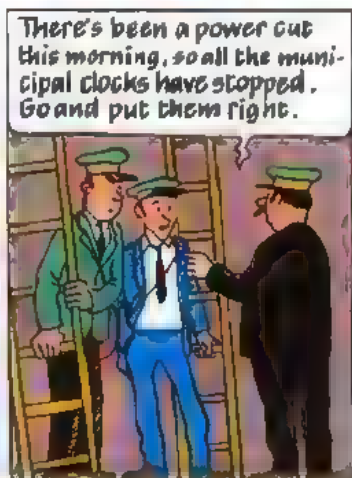
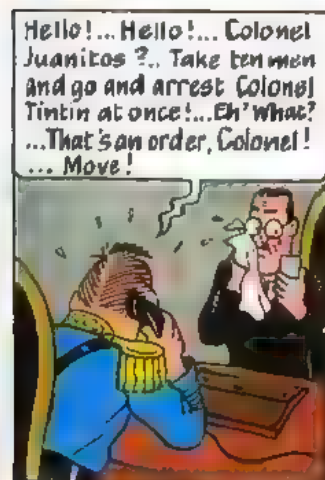
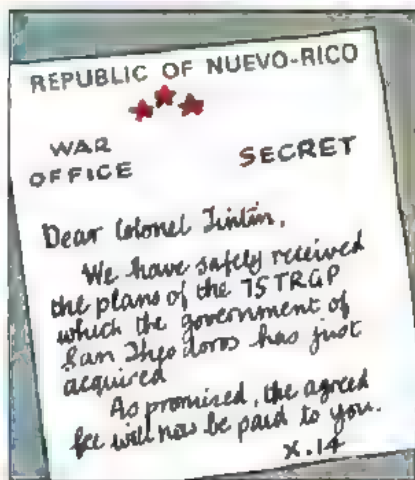
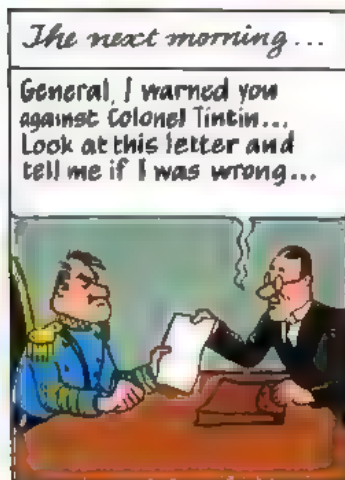
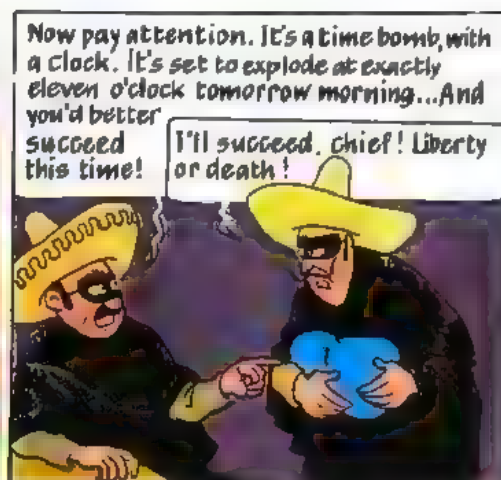
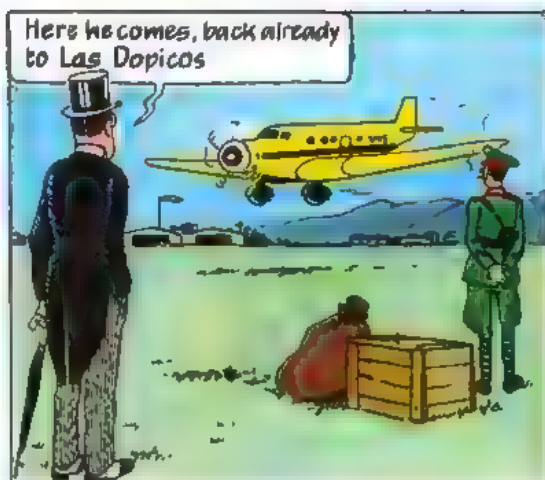
A dangerous fellow! He could wreck all our plans. I must have a word with Rodriguez about him...

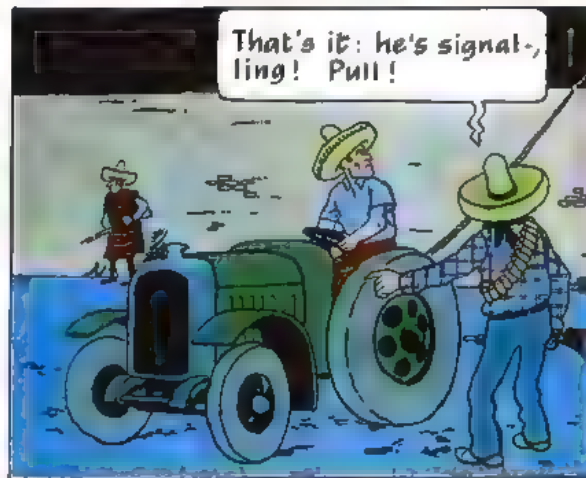
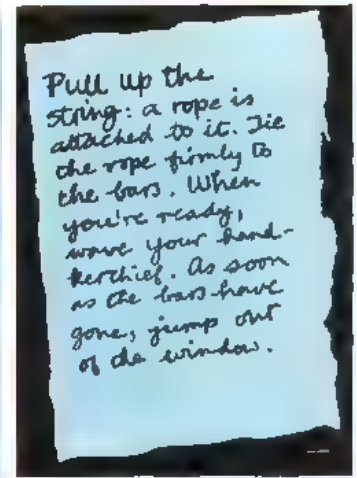
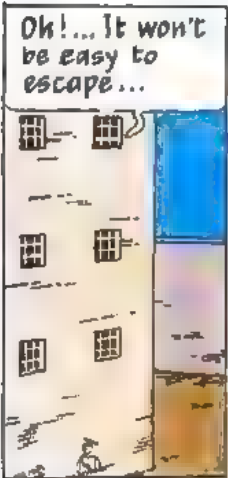
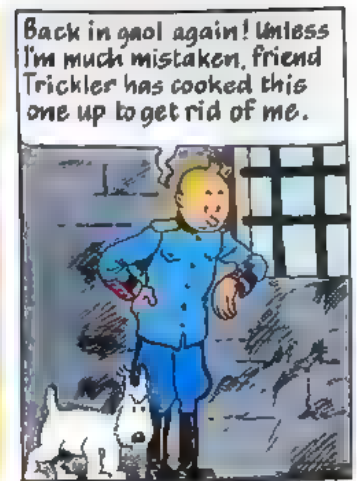
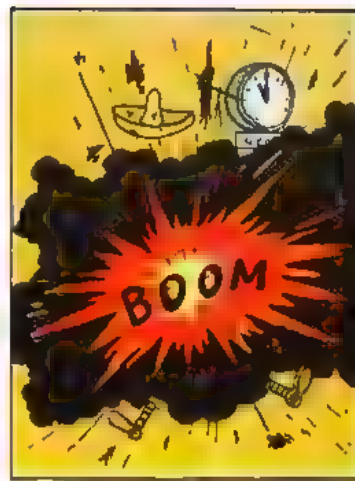
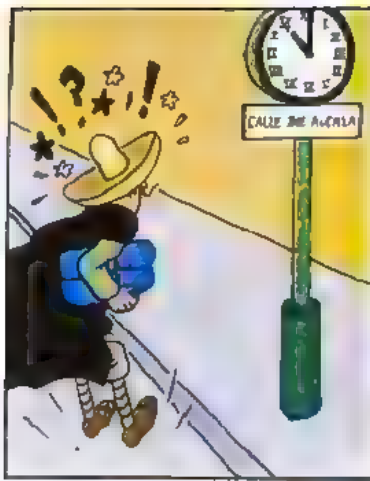


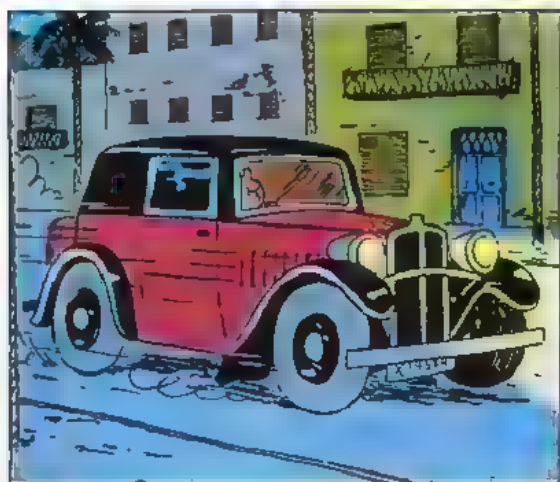
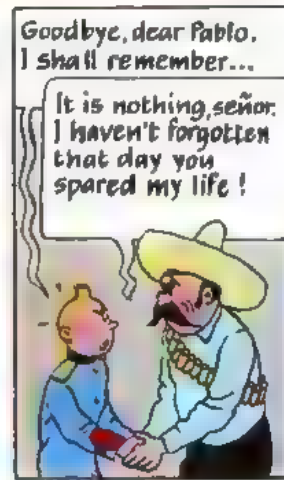
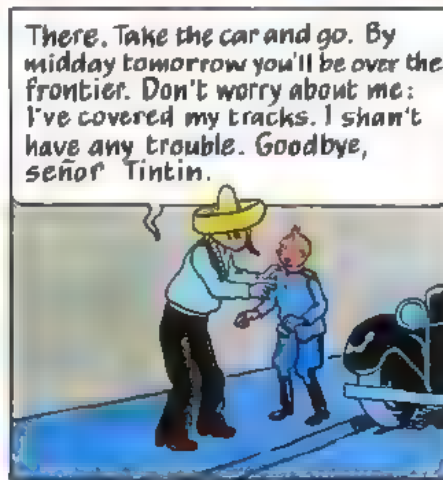
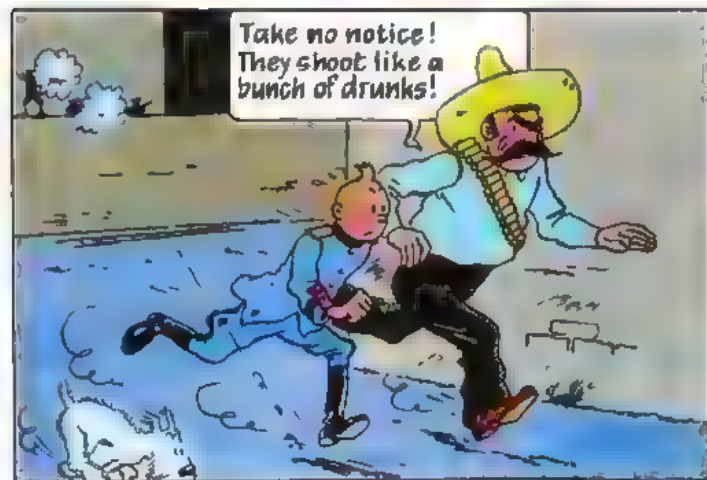
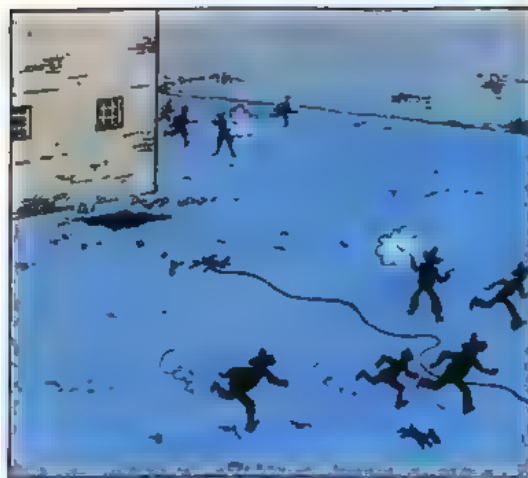


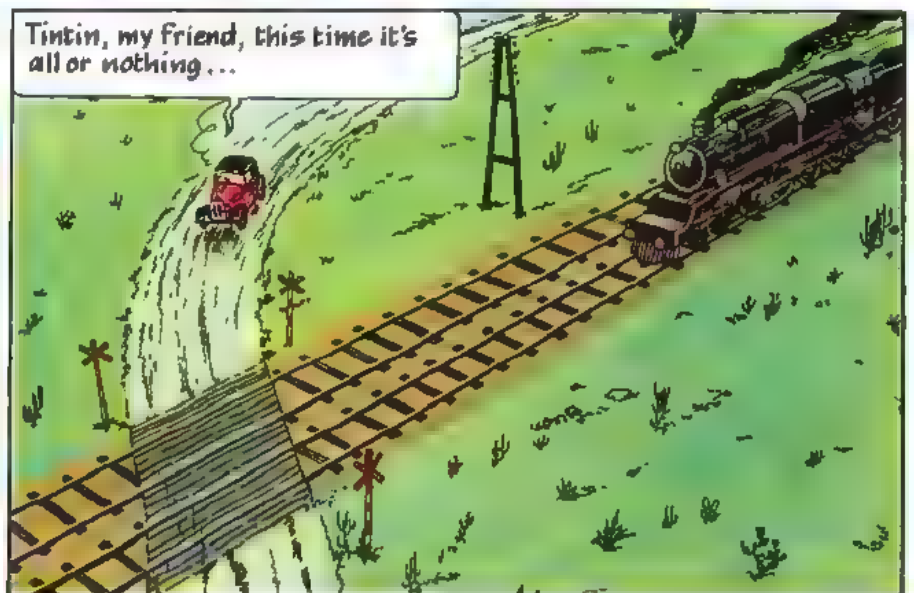
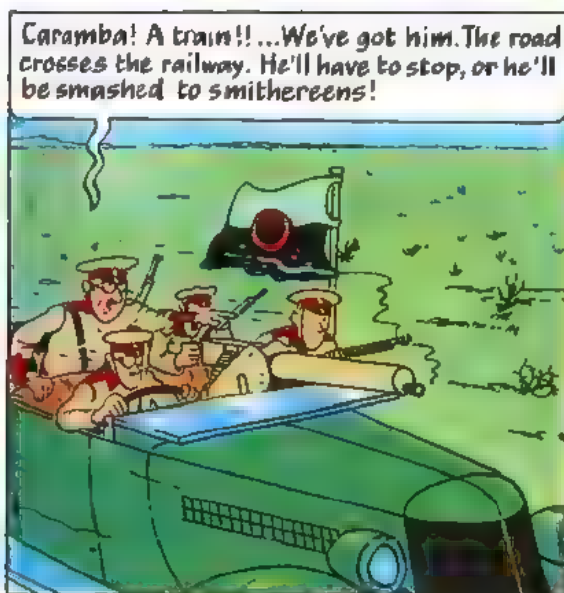
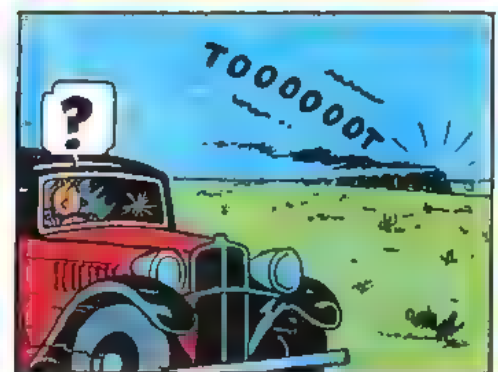
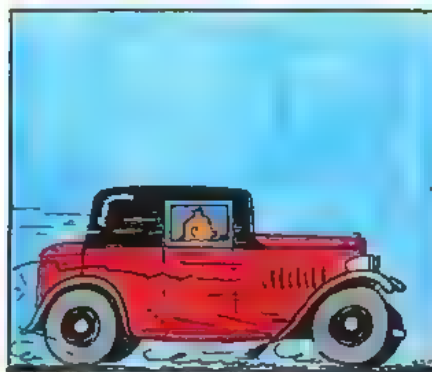
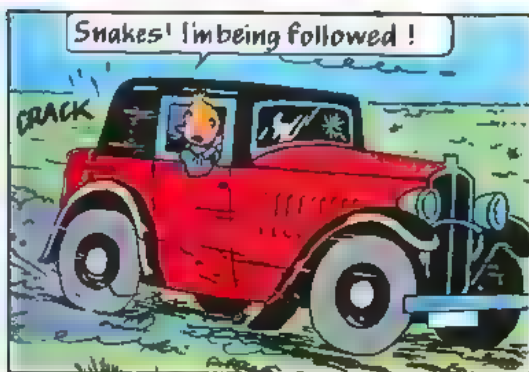
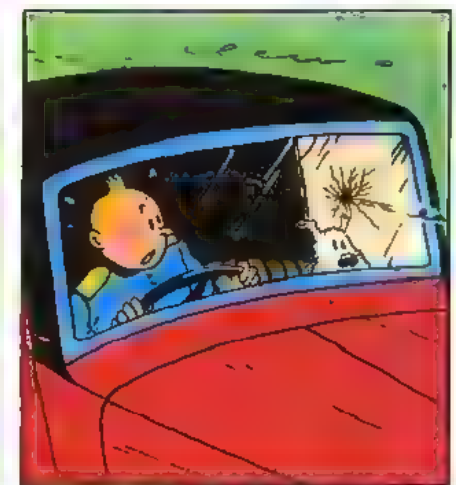
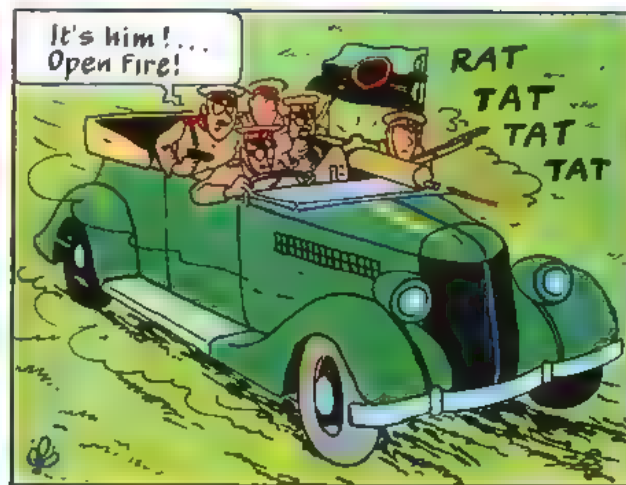
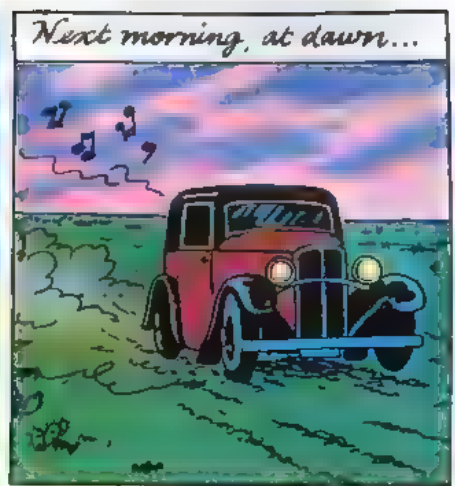
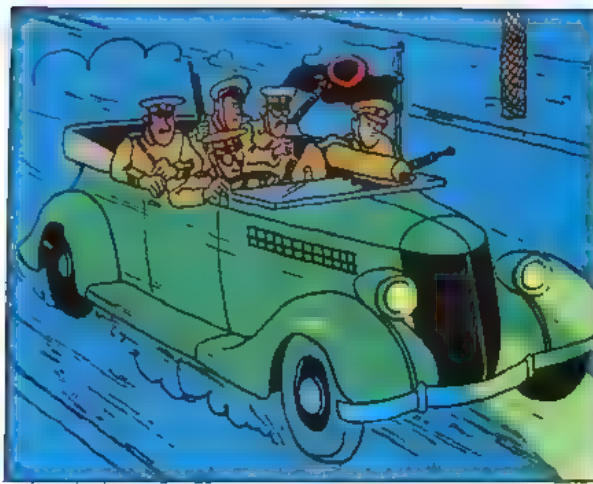


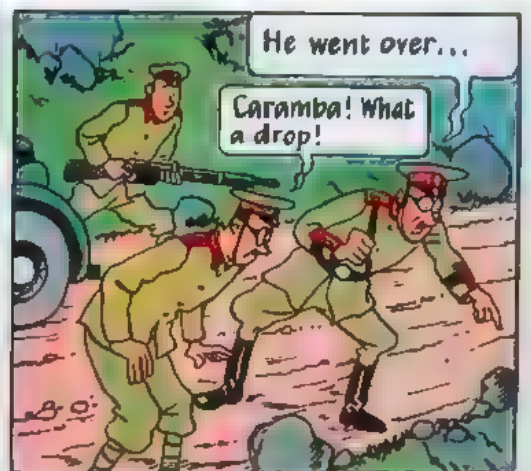
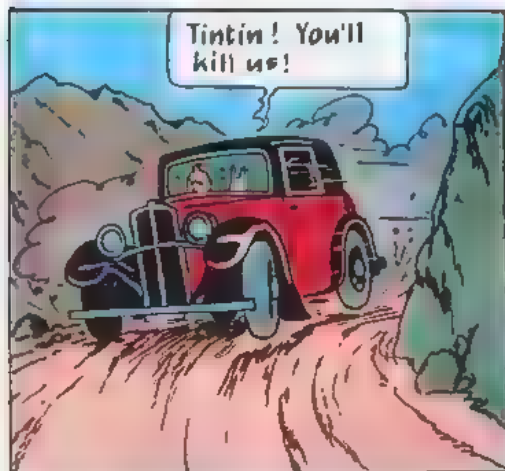
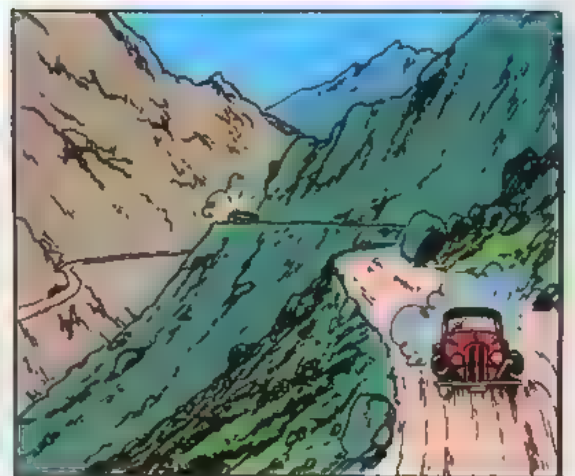
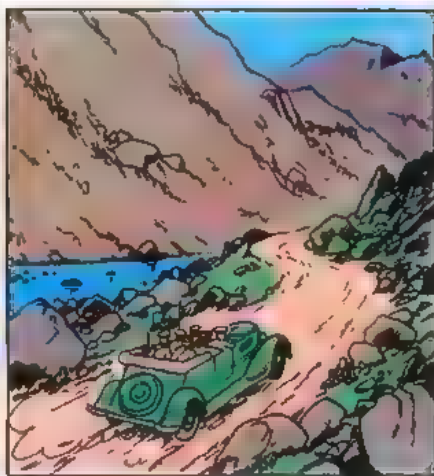
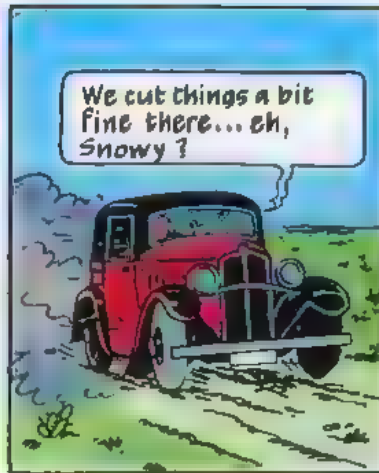
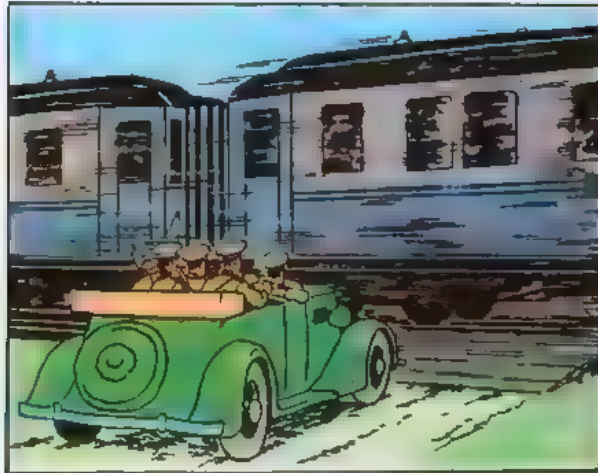
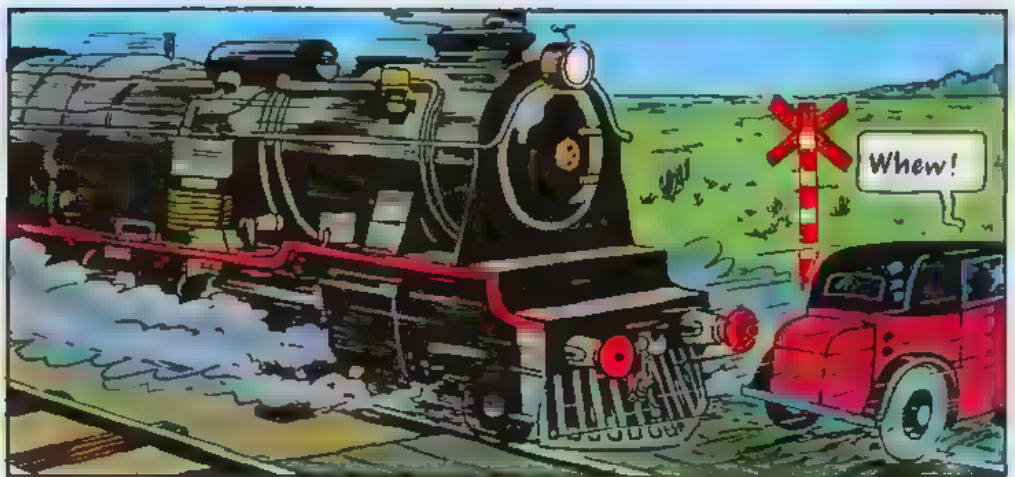


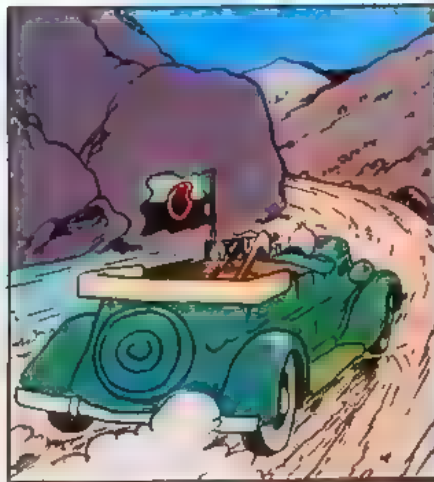
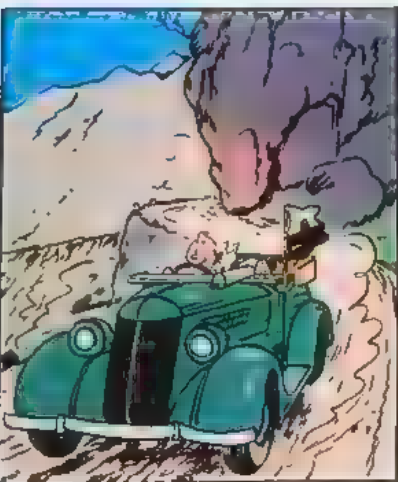
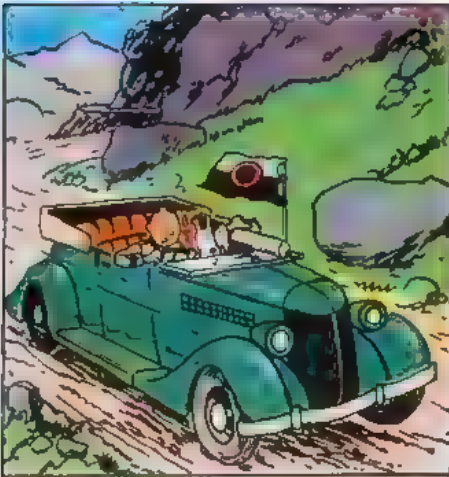
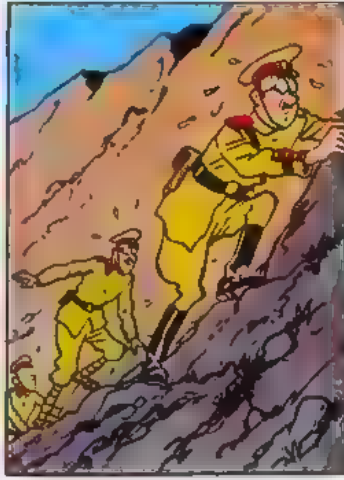




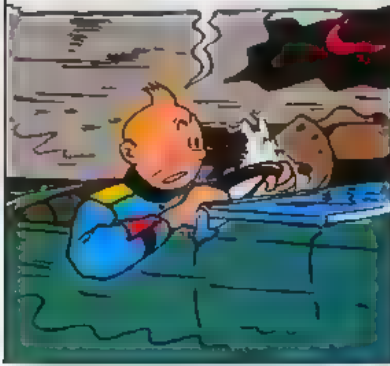




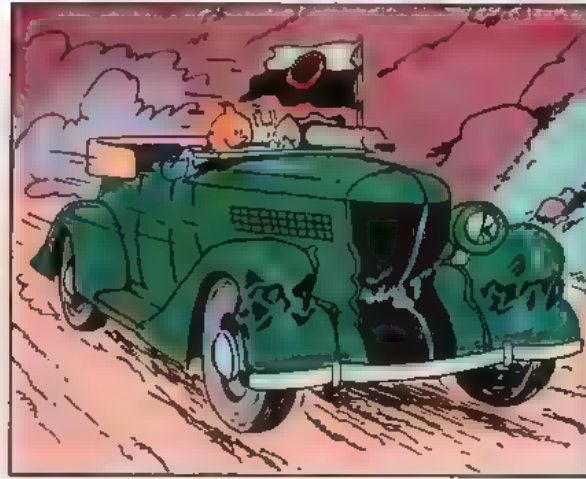
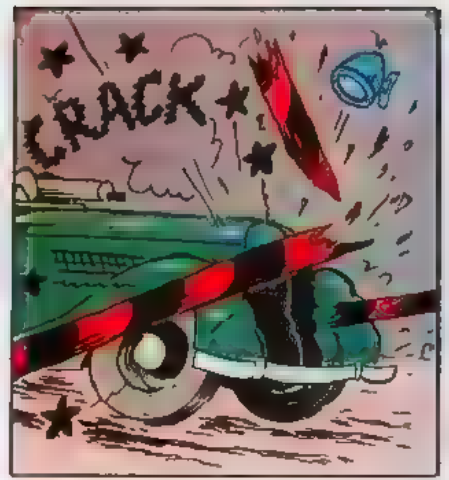
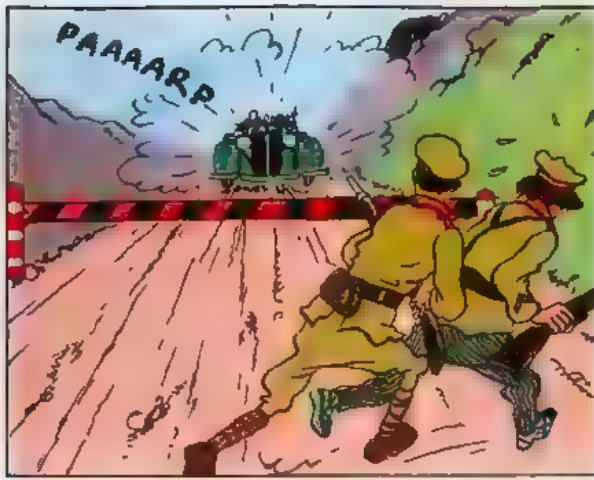




If they stop me, I'm caught...
and if that's a strong
barrier, I'm dead.



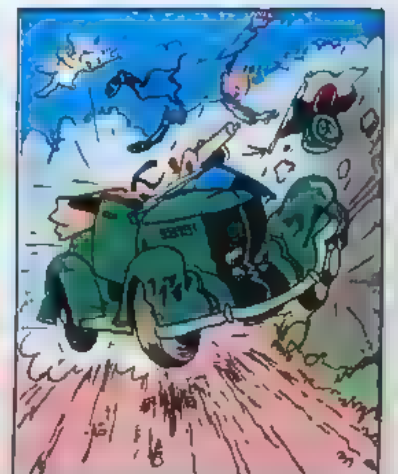
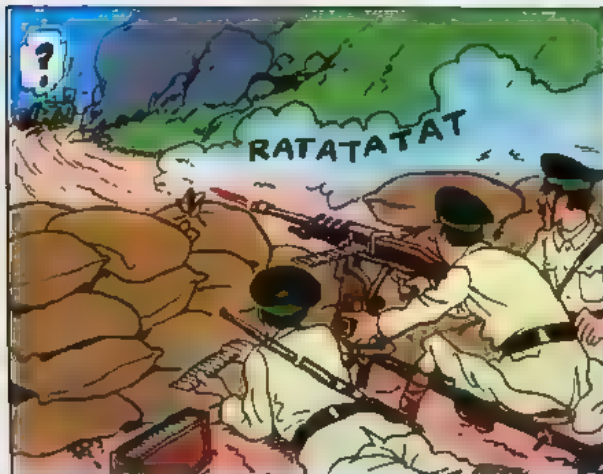
PAAAAARP

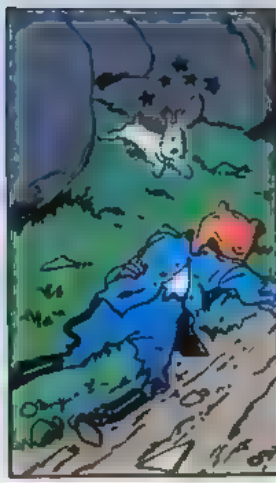
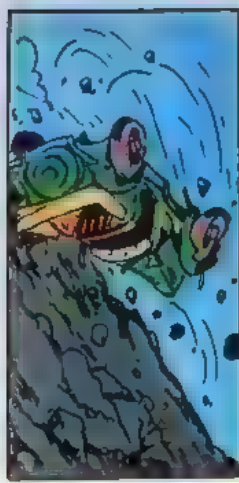
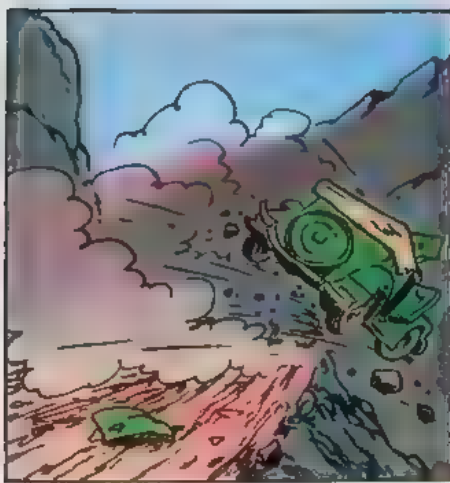


Hello?... Border post 31?...
Patrol No. 4 here... A San-
Theodorian armoured
machine-gun just raced past
here, heading for the frontier.



Red alert!...San-
Theodorian armoured
car reported...
Man your posts!





An armoured car tried to attack border post 31. It was destroyed and one of the occupants, a colonel, was taken prisoner.



In Sanfacion...

General!...General!...This dispatch has just come by telephone!



"An armoured car ... !!! This time it's war! That's what they want: that's what they'll get!"



Pass this communiqué to the newspapers. I want special editions on the streets in an hour!

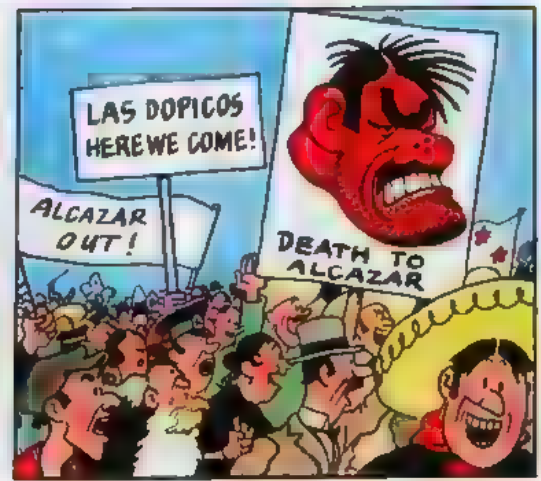


Sanfacion Star! ... Extra! ... Extra! ... Sanfacion Star! ... Extra!



WAR! IT'S WAR!

A motorised column of the San-Theodorian army mounted a surprise attack today, but the enemy were repulsed by our valiant troops, who inflicted heavy casualties...



Hello? .Mr.Trickler? ...Success! The Nuevo-Ricans have just declared war on us!...Yes...over some new incident on the border...



The Gran Chapo fields are ours!... Once again General American Oil has beaten British South-American Petrol!



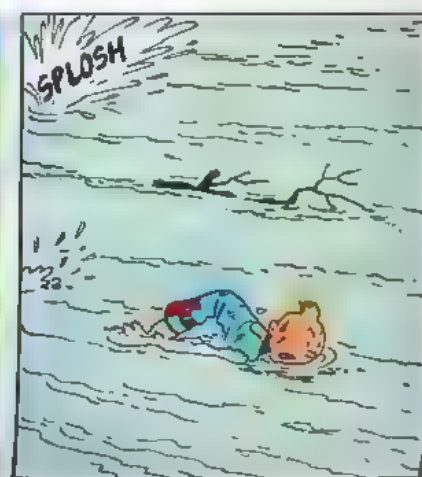
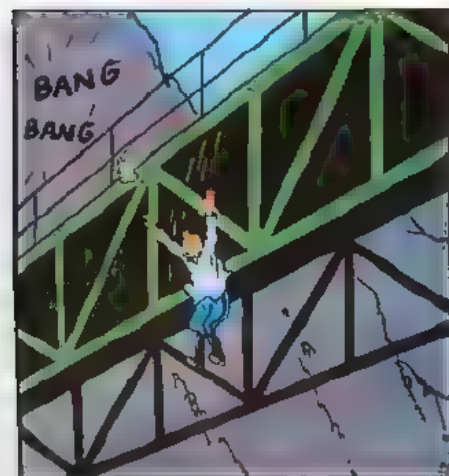
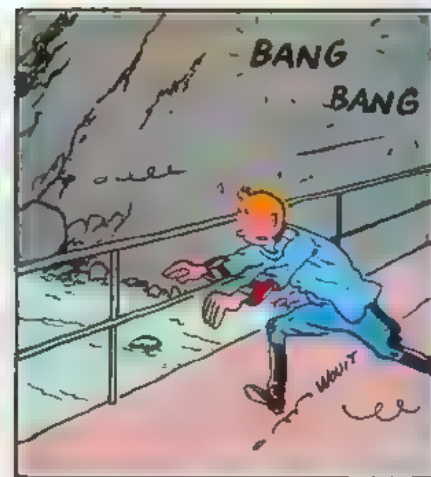
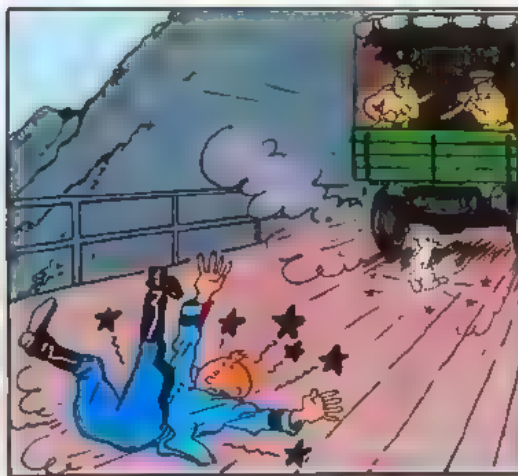
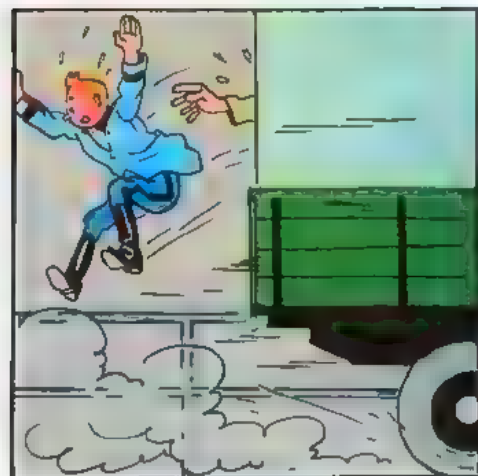
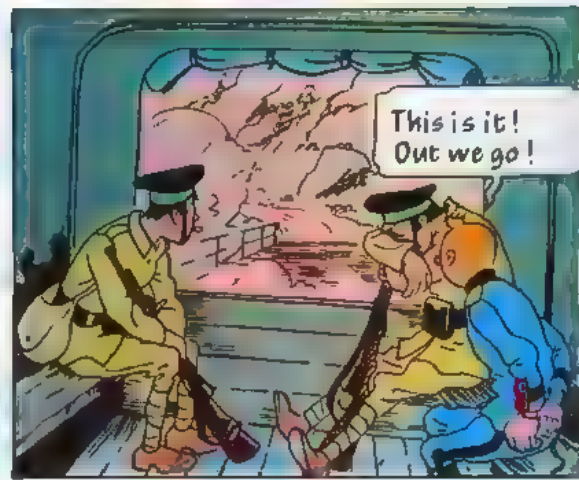
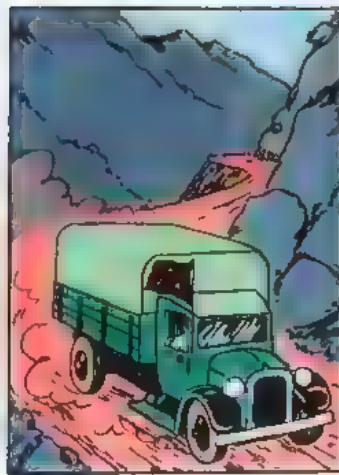
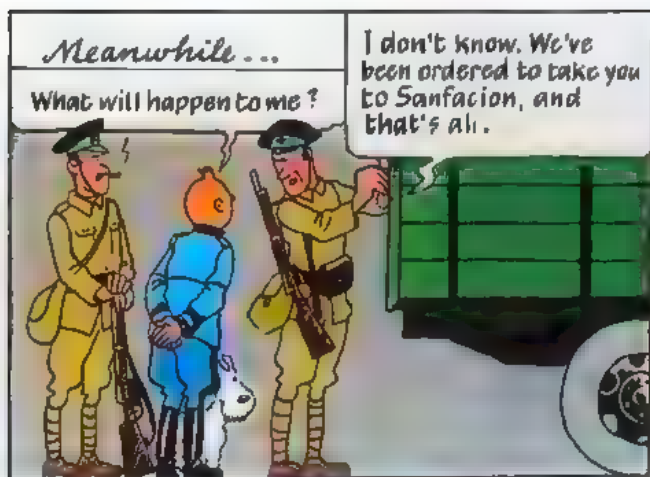
In a fortnight all the Gran Chapo will be in Nuevo-Rican hands. Then I hope you in British South-American Petrol will not forget your promises.

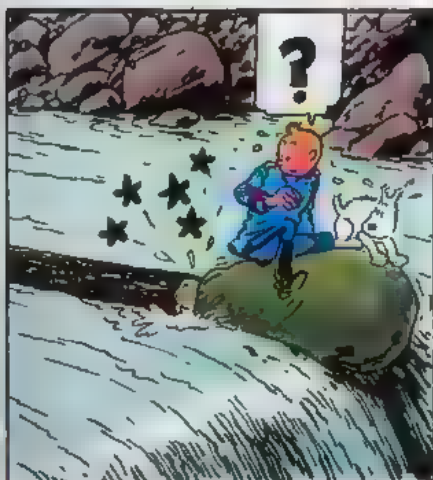
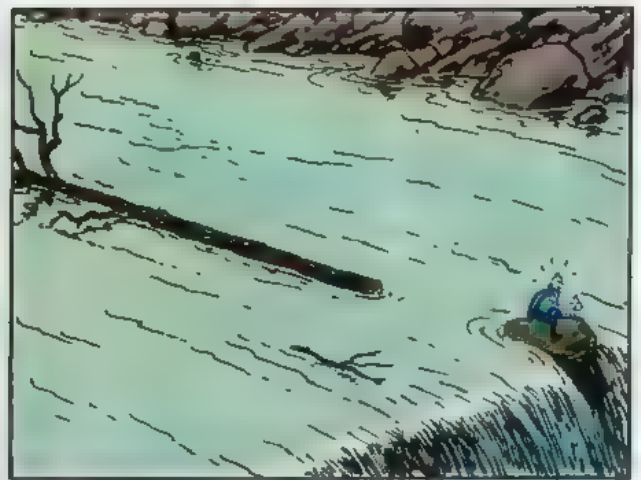
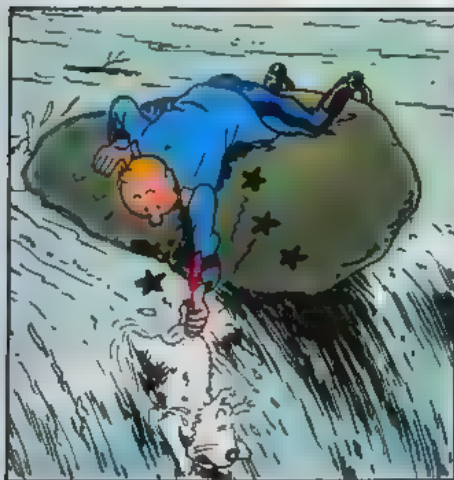
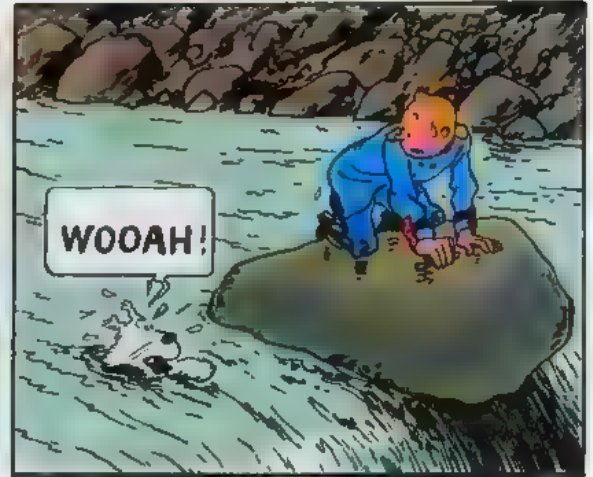
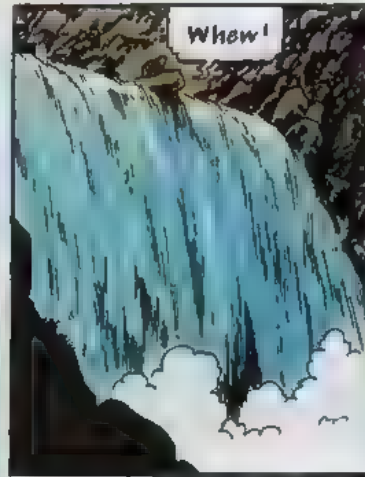
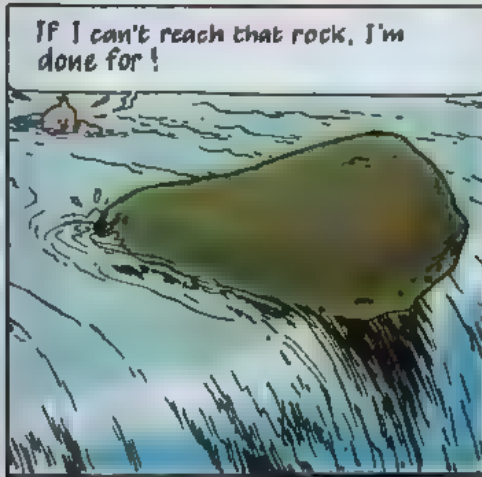
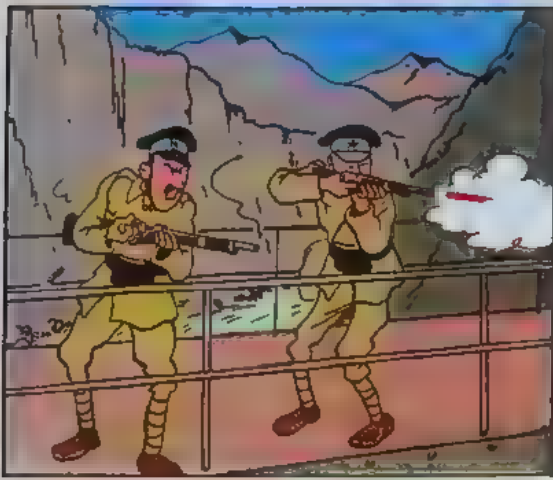


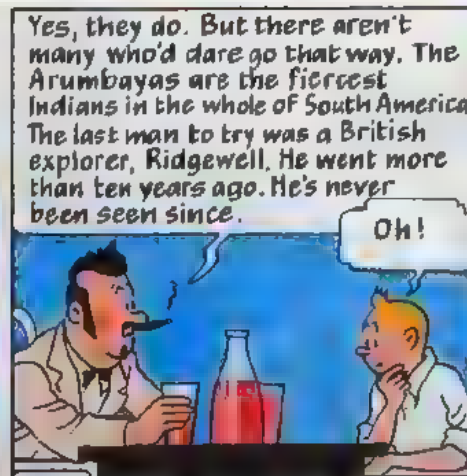
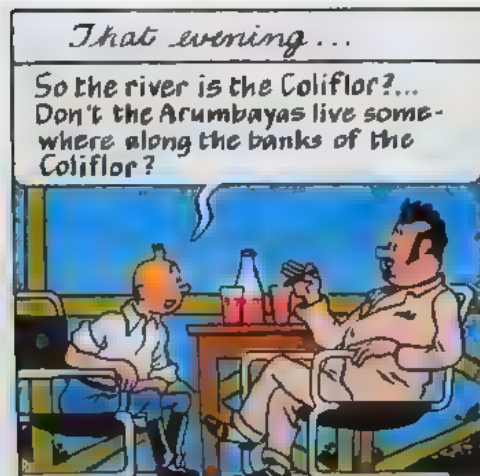
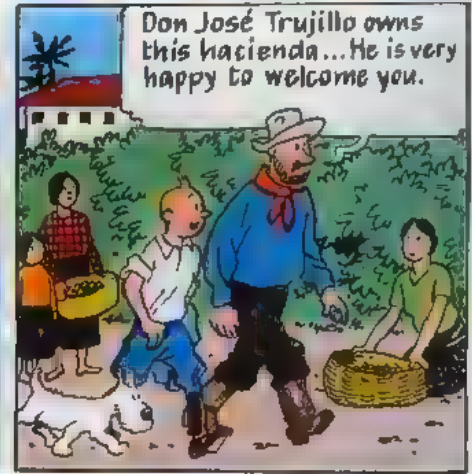
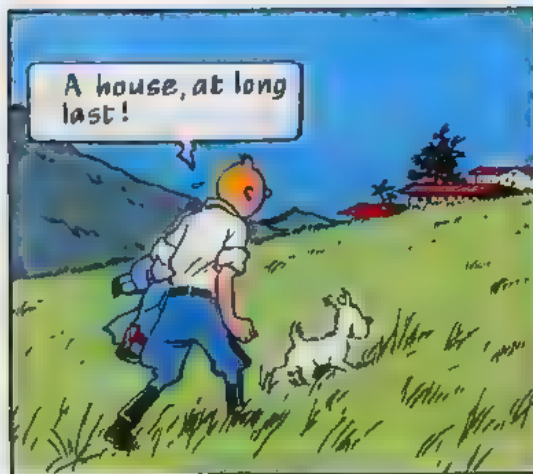
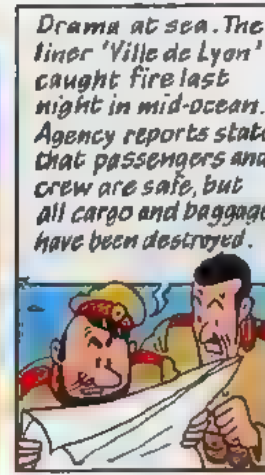
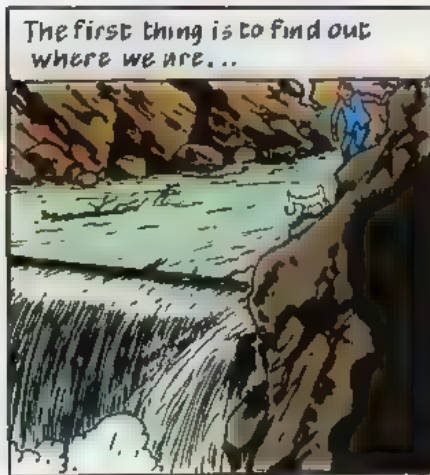
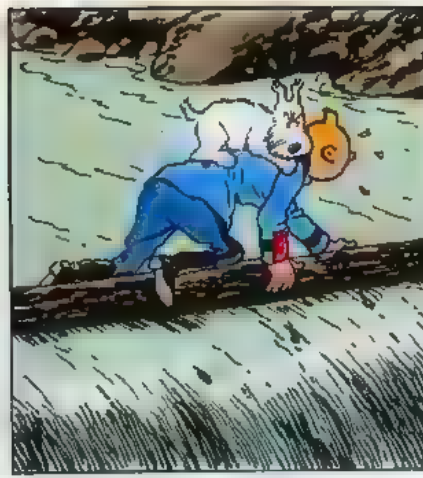
The first chance we get, we desert, and ...

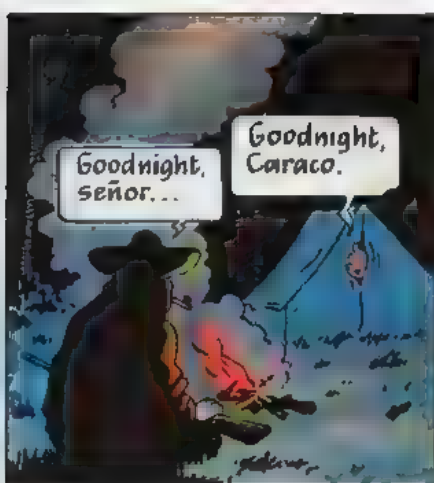
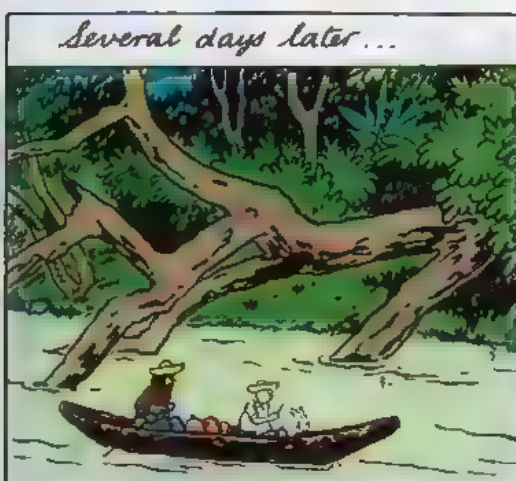
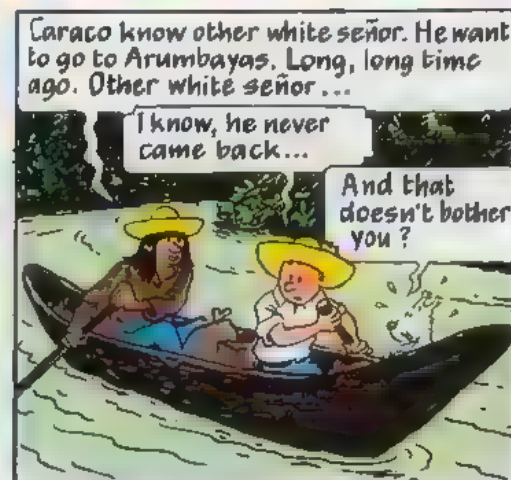
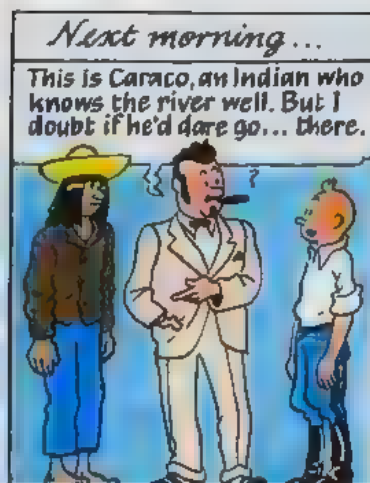
... we look for these fetish again.

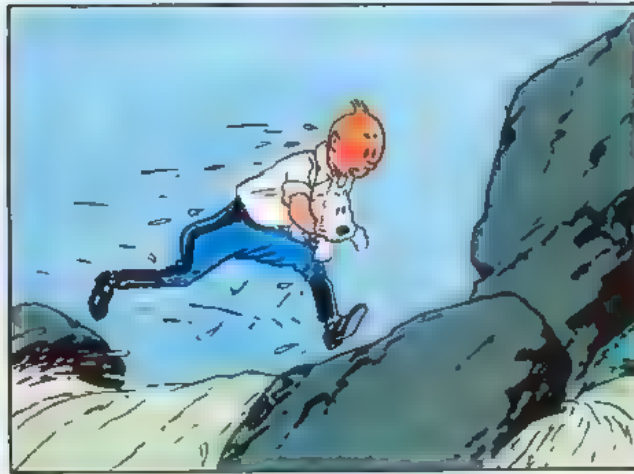
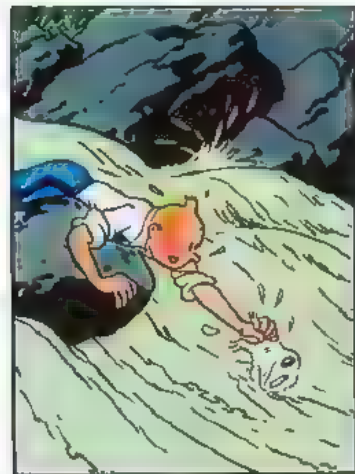
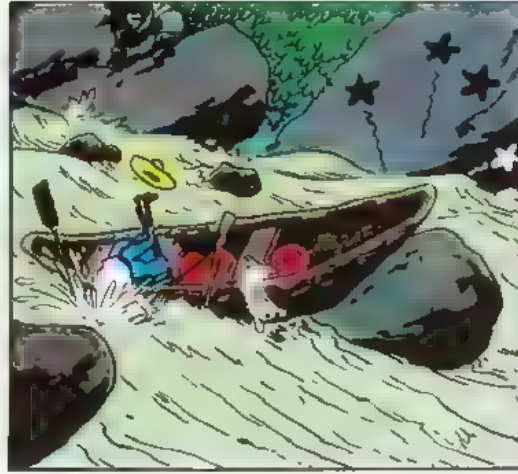
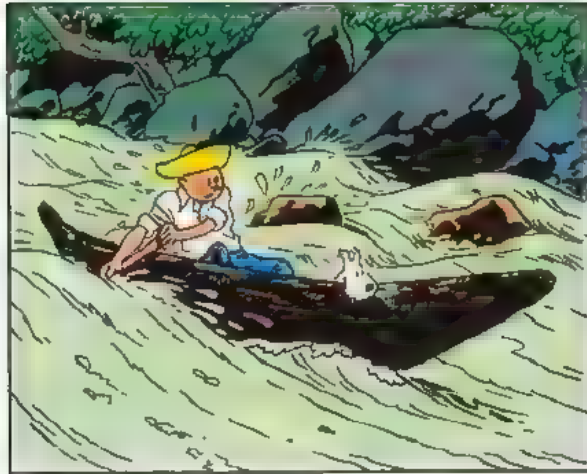


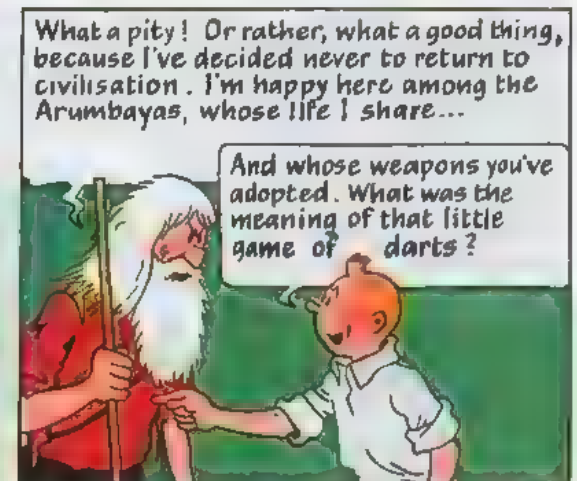
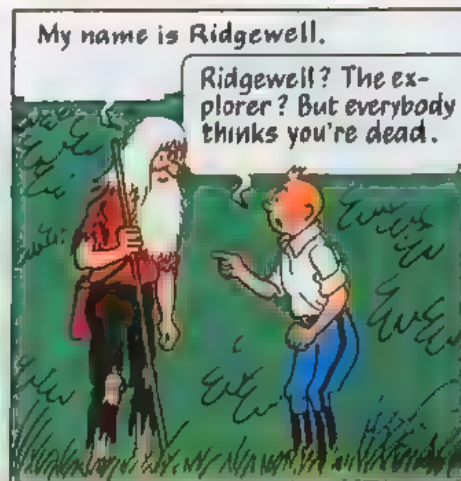
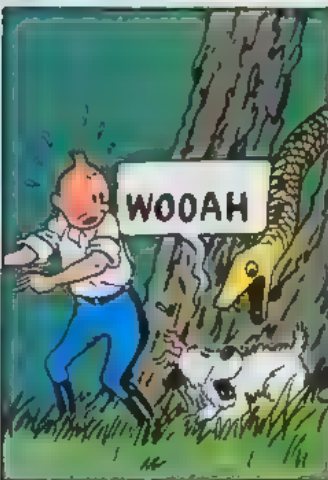






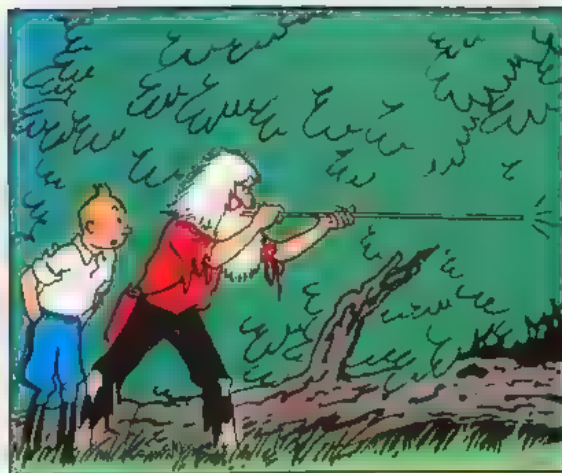






I just wanted you to have an unfriendly reception, to encourage you to leave at once. Believe me, if I'd wanted to kill you it wouldn't have taken more than one dart. Look, I'll prove it. You see that big flower over there?

Yes.



Good shot!



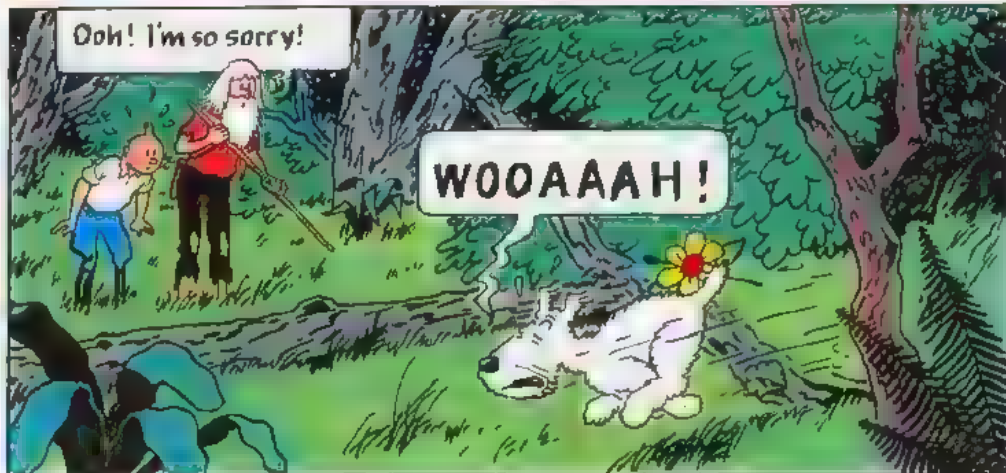
WOOAAAAH!

?



Ooh! I'm so sorry!

WOOAAAAH!



Don't worry, the dart wasn't poisoned. Use my handkerchief for a bandage.



Now, tell me how you come to be here in this country...



Well, it's like this. An Arumbaya fetish in a museum in Europe, brought back by the explorer Walker, was stolen and replaced by a copy. I noticed the substitution. Two other men were also on the track of the real fetish and who ever had stolen it.



I followed these two men to South America. They killed the thief on board ship and stole his fetish. But this one too was a fake. So now I'm trying to find the real fetish, and I still don't know where it is.



...Just as I still don't know what they were all after: Tortilla, the first thief, and his two killers. They all wanted the fetish. But why they wanted it is still a complete mystery. So I thought perhaps that here...



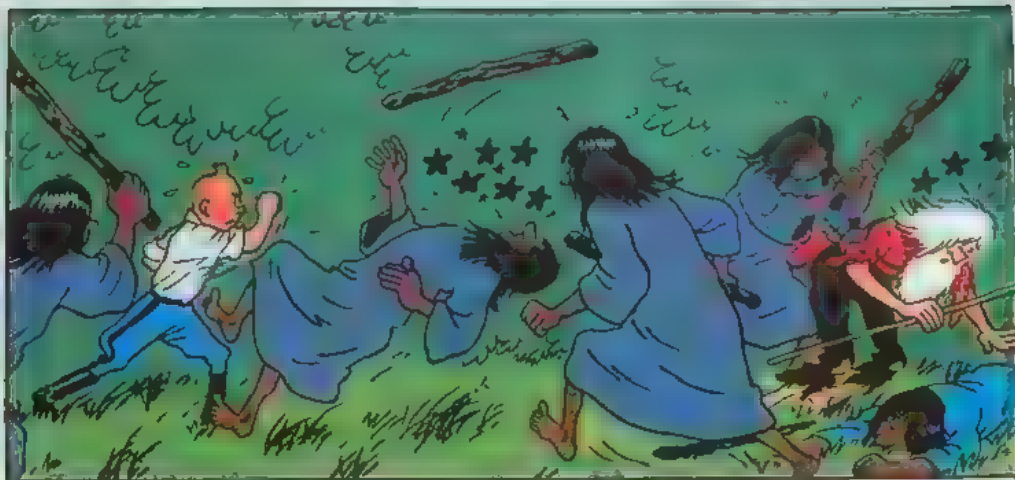
...among the Arumbayas I might learn something fresh about it...

Perhaps you may. It's quite possible...



Rumbabas! ... Sworn enemies of the Arumbayas! ...





What will they do to us? That's easy! They'll cut off our heads and by a most ingenious process they'll shrink them to the size of an apple!



Ahw wada tu'vali bahn chaco conats! Ha! ha! ha!

Just as I thought. He means our heads will soon be added to his collection!

They've gone... Snowy, you've absolutely got to save Tintin.

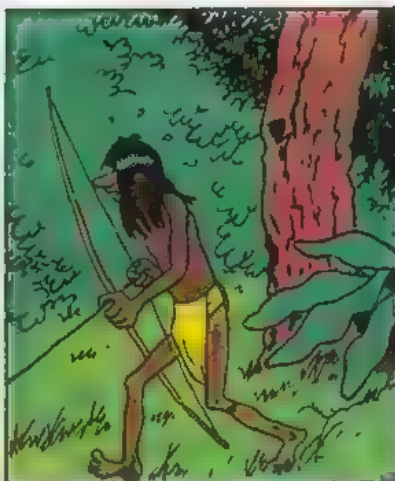
If I can find the Arumbaya village, and take this thing to them, perhaps they'll understand that its owner is in danger...



Meanwhile, in the Arumbaya village...

The Spirits tell me that if your son is to be cured, he must eat the heart of the first animal you meet in the forest...

I go, most powerful one!



What a strange animal!... And what's it carrying in its mouth? A quiver! That's funny... I must try to catch it alive...





See, O witch-doctor. This cloth belongs to the old bearded one, and the quiver also. Perhaps the old bearded one is in danger?



You mind your own business!... Give me the animal and go!... I shall kill the creature and take out its heart; this I shall give to your son to eat. Go now!



And if you breathe one word of all this, I shall call down the Spirits upon you and your family...and you will all be changed into frogs!



No danger now: he won't gossip... But he's right. The old bearded one may be in trouble. All the better! Let's hope he dies! Then I shall regain my power over the Arumbayas. Now, before I kill the animal I must burn these things...they might give me away.



Great Spirits of the forest, we bring thee a sacrifice of these two strangers...



Stop, O chief of the Rumbabas! The Spirits of the forest do not accept your sacrifice!



These two strangers are friends of the forest. You will set them free.



It's magic... witchcraft!



Magic?... Didn't you realise it was me speaking?... I'm a ventriloquist... Ventriloquism, I'd have you know my young friend, is my pet hobby.



Brother Arumbayas, you are about to witness a remarkable phenomenon...



We will take out this animal's heart and give it, still beating, to our sick brother...





The Arumbayas discovered that a sacred stone had disappeared. It seems that the stone gave protection from snake-bite to anyone who touched it. The tribe remembered a half-caste named Lopez, the explorers' interpreter, who was often seen prowling around the hut where the magic stone was kept under guard.



The Arumbayas were furious. They set off in pursuit of the expedition, caught up with them, and massacred almost all the party... Walker himself managed to escape, carrying the fetish. As for the half-caste, although badly wounded, he too got away. The stone, probably a diamond, was never recovered... That's how the story goes.



Now I understand... The whole thing makes sense!



Listen!... The half-caste steals the stone, and to avoid suspicion he conceals it in the fetish. He thinks he'll be able to get it back later on...



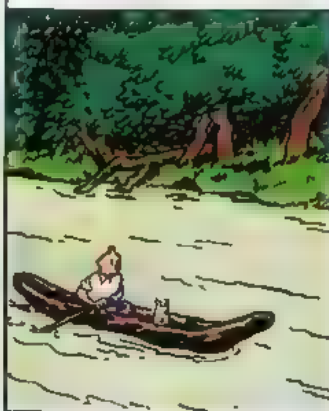
But the Arumbayas attack the expedition and Lopez is wounded. He has to flee without the diamond. And that's it!... The diamond is still in its hiding-place, and that's why Tortilla, and after him his two killers, tried to steal the fetish.



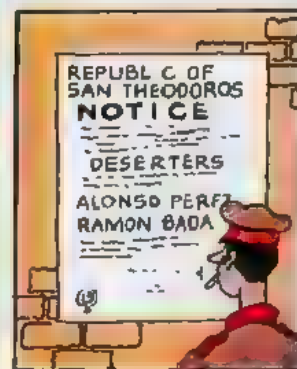
So now all I have to do is find the fetish... and return to Europe!



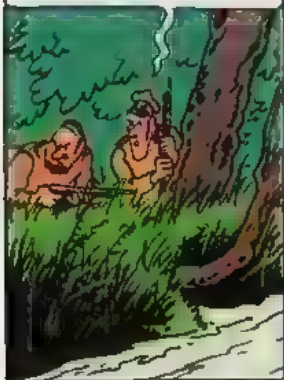
Some days later...



Meanwhile...



We simply must get hold of a canoe...



Look!... There's a canoe... and with one man only... But... I think I am seeing things... or it's a dream... There's a man...

Caramba!... It's Tintin!



We'll rest here for a while before we continue our journey...

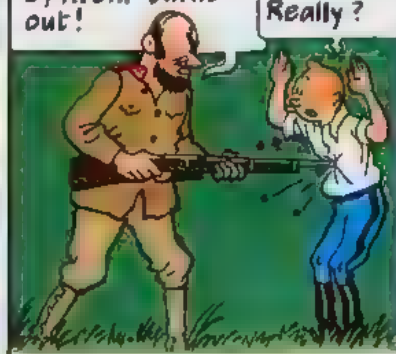


So we meet again, eh?



Let's start talking!... Did you know the 'Ville de Lyon' had been completely destroyed by fire... burnt out!

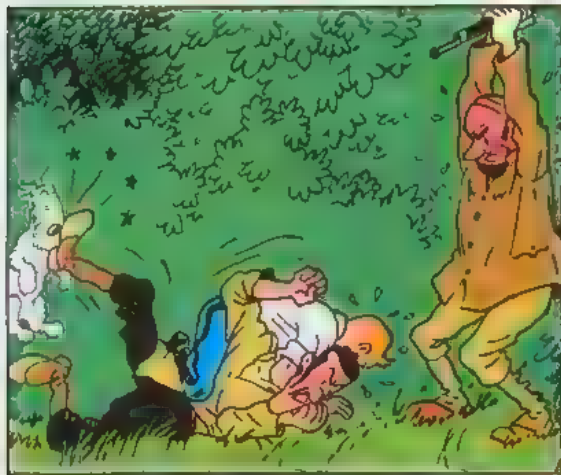
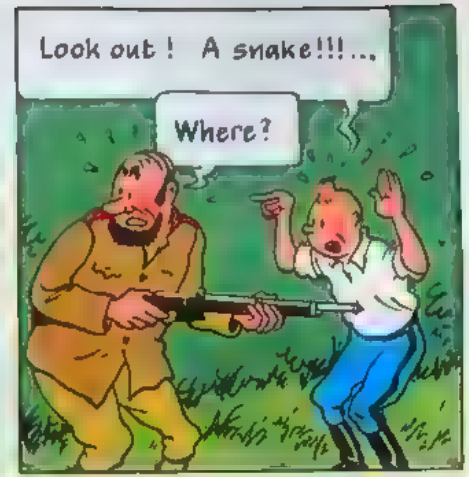
Really?



Yes, really! And the fetish you left in your trunk has been destroyed!... Burnt!... All because of you... You are going to pay dearly, my friend!

No! I told you... The real fetish wasn't aboard...



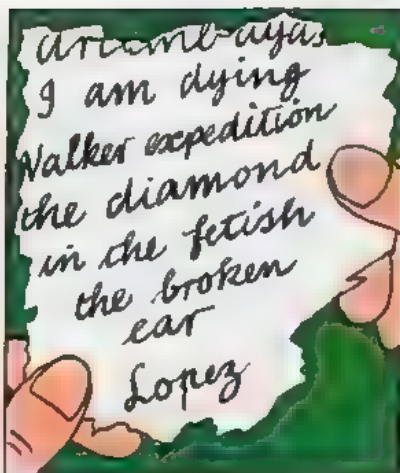




Good!... Now they're safely taken care of, let's see what he's got in his wallet.



OHO!



Arriba-ayá,
I am dying
Walker expedition
the diamond
in the fetish
the broken
ear
Lopez

Where did you get this note? ... Tell me!



In the ship, on our way to Europe. Tortilla dropped it. But we didn't know what it meant. Tortilla was just a fellow passenger. We only realised the significance of the paper when we read about the fetish being stolen from the museum... Then we decided we'd try to get the fetish away from Tortilla.



Excellent!... Now, the only thing we don't know is how Tortilla got hold of this note. But since he's dead, I don't suppose we'll ever discover that!... So now, gentlemen, let's get moving!



And behave yourselves!



What are you planning to do with us?



No problem. I shall hand you over to justice. I think you well deserve it!

Hand us over to justice? ... Ha! ha! ha!



Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, my fine friend...

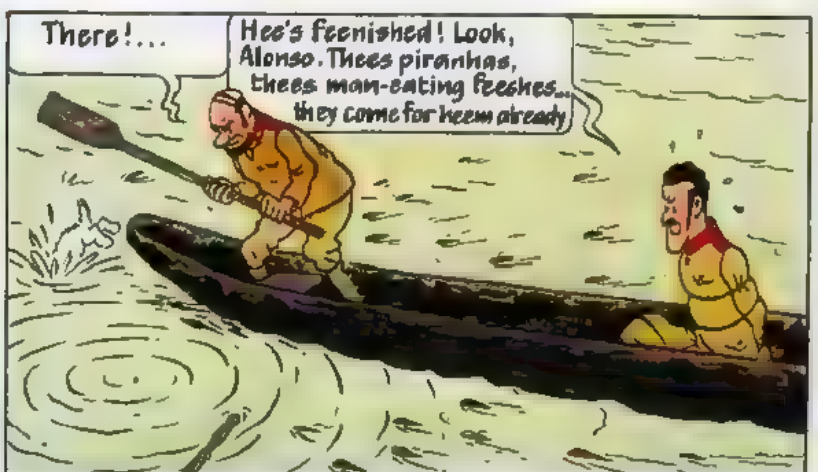


Teep heem son! ...



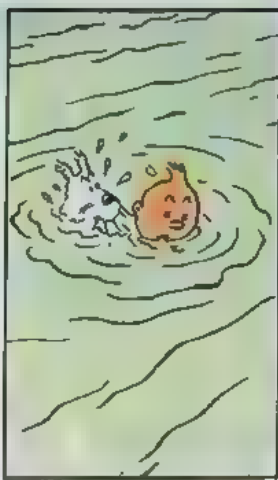
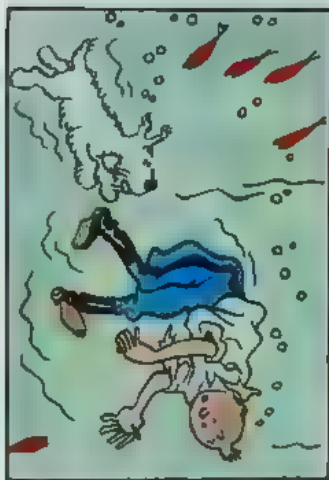
Got you!

Bravo!



There!...

He's finished! Look, Alonso. Thees piranhas, thees man-eating fishes... they come for heem already



Caramba! I didn't hit him hard enough. Look! He's recovered... He's reached the bank...

Bah! Leave heem! We shall be in Sanfacion long before heem...



No point in trying to recapture them for the moment...



We've got a tough job, Snowy old boy. We've got to make the journey on foot.



Off we go!



Several days later...

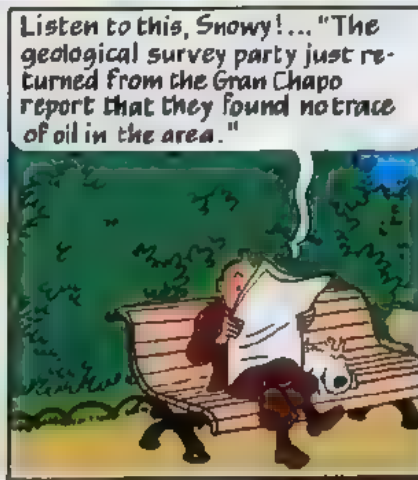
Sanfacion at last!... Thank goodness!... I really thought we'd never make it!...



To Europe?... A boat left yesterday. Now I'm afraid you'll have to wait for a week.



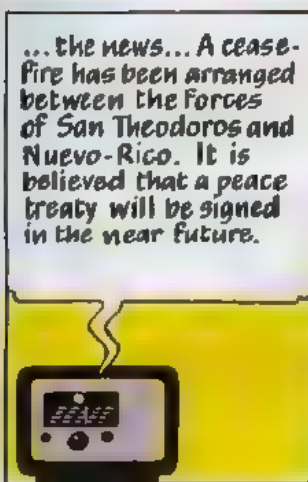
A whole week! Oh well, we'll use the time to get rested and sort ourselves out...



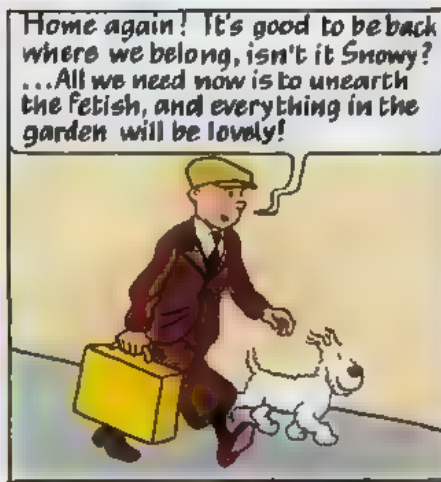
Listen to this, Snowy!... "The geological survey party just returned from the Gran Chapo report that they found no trace of oil in the area."



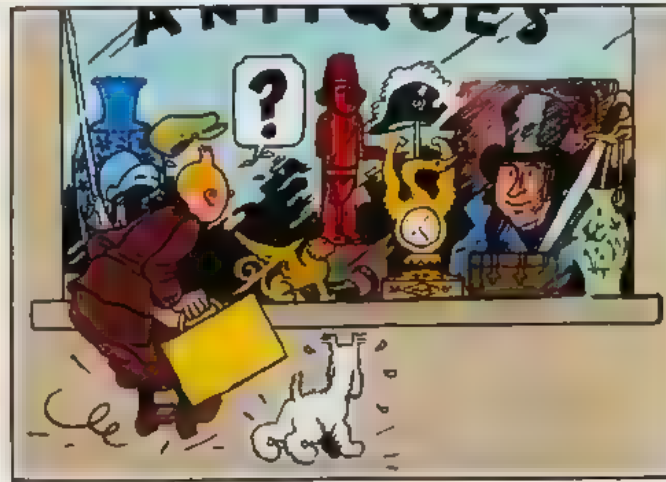
A week later...

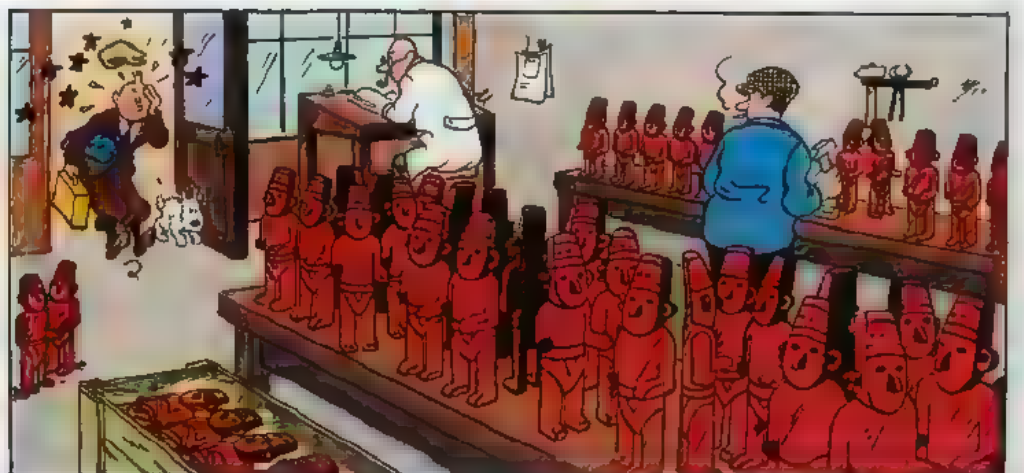
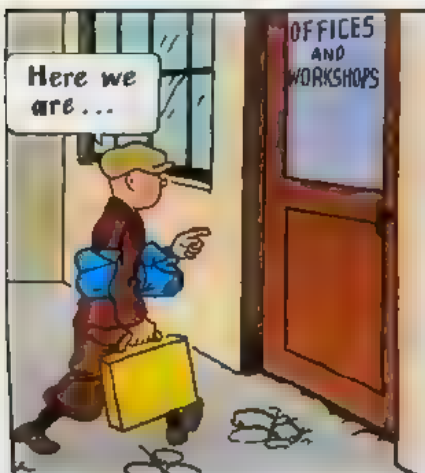
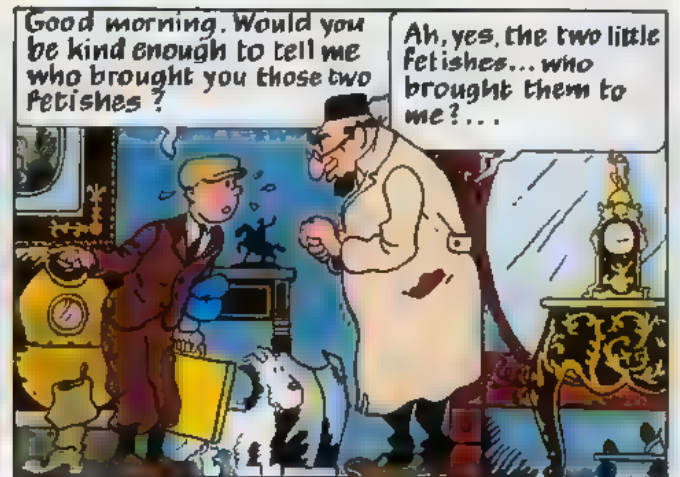
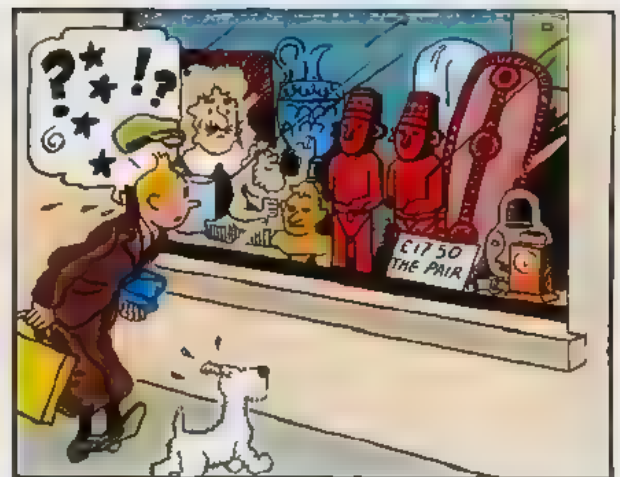


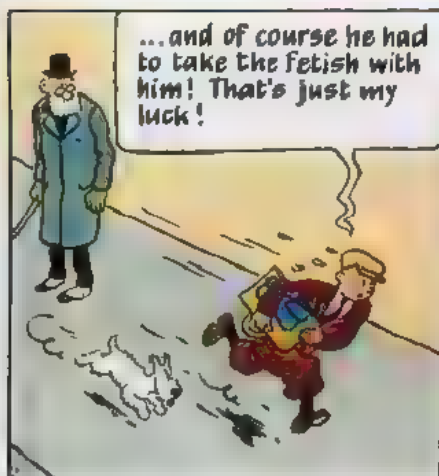
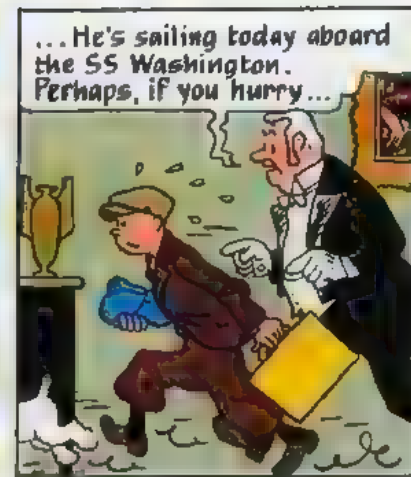
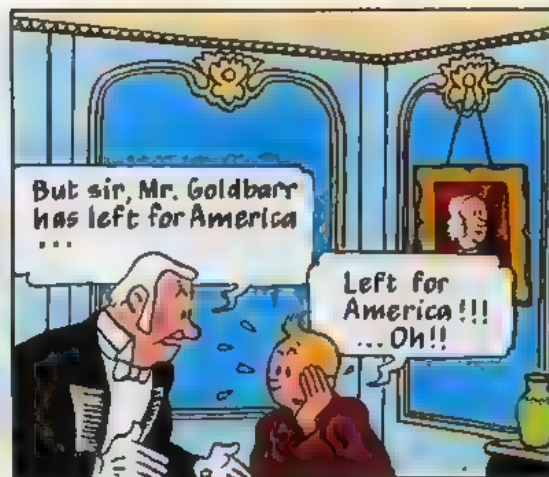
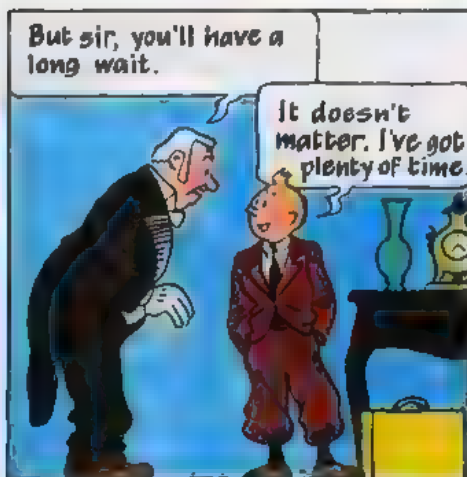
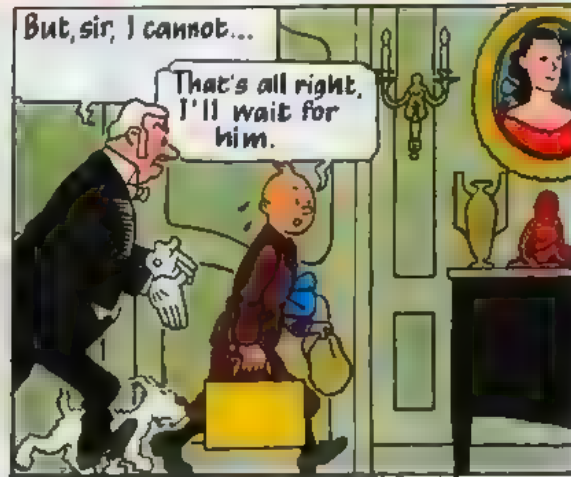
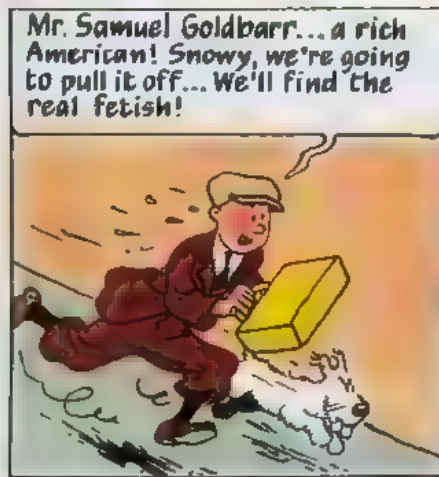
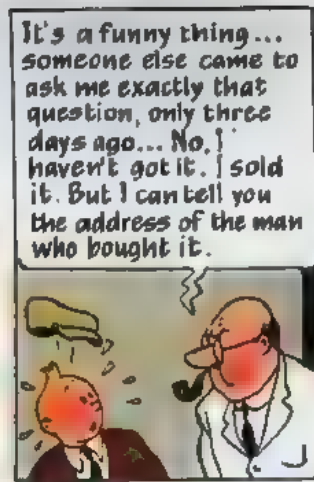
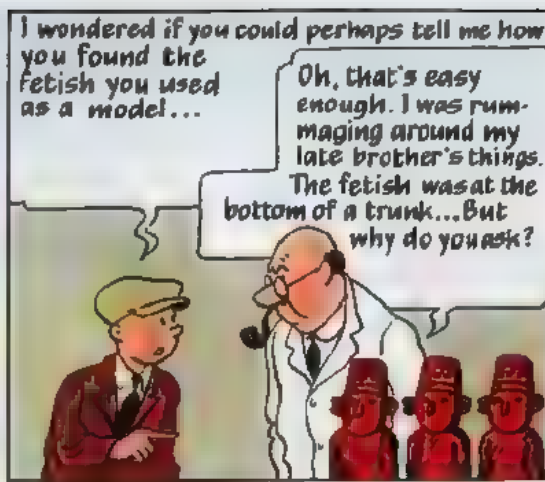
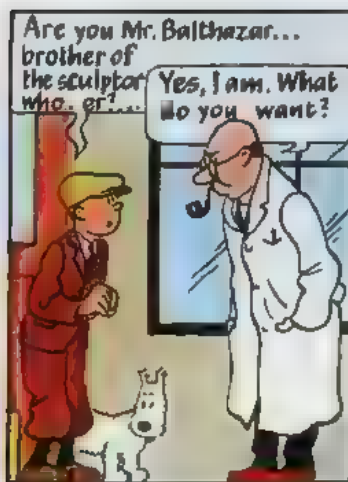
... the news... A cease-fire has been arranged between the Forces of San Theodoros and Nuevo-Rico. It is believed that a peace treaty will be signed in the near future.



Home again! It's good to be back where we belong, isn't it Snowy? ...All we need now is to unearth the fetish, and everything in the garden will be lovely!



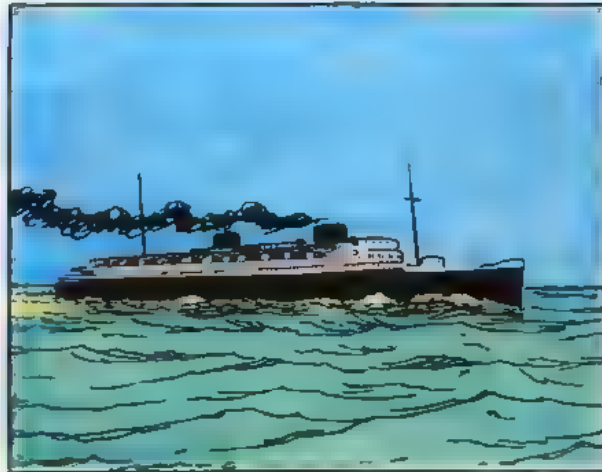




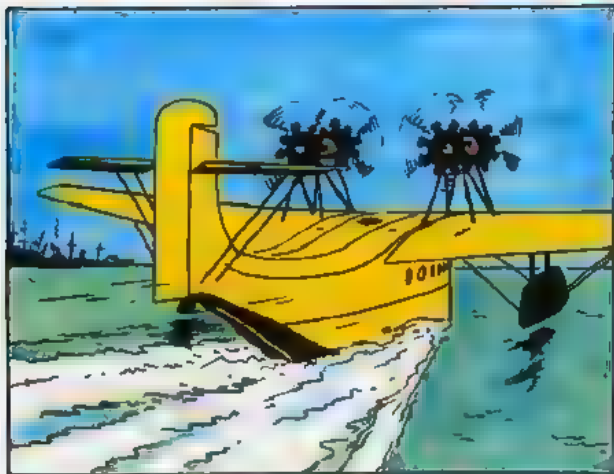
But if you really want to catch her, maybe you could hitch a ride from the air-base over there ... It's not far ...



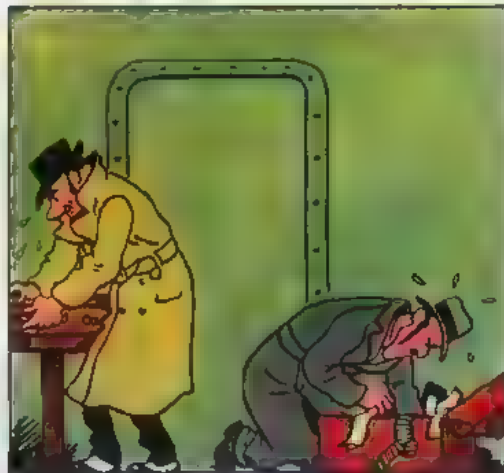
... catch the 'Washington', eh? ... Hmm... maybe... We happen to have a plane going out to her... to deliver some mail ...



First service for lunch, please! ..First service for lunch! ...



There goes Goldbarr... He's off to lunch. Now's our chance!



Ramón! ... Ramón! ... Look! ... I've got it!

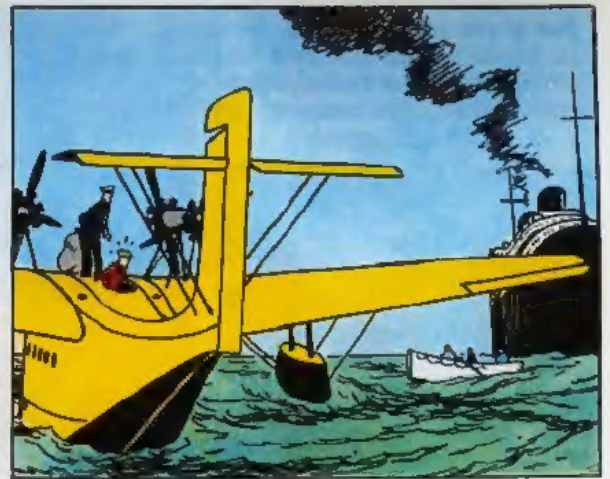
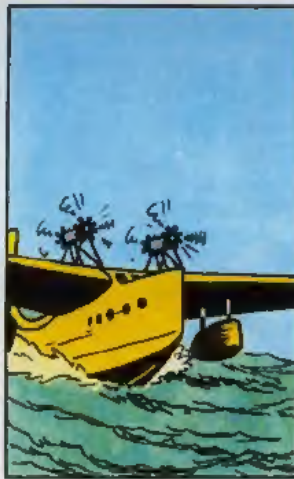
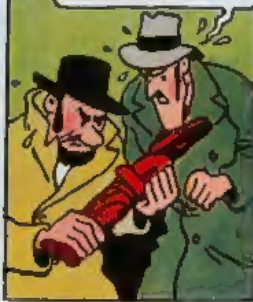


Here comes the mail...



But the diamond ... Where is it?

Eet must be somewhere inside...



Leesten, Alonso... We cannot stay here any longer. Ees too reesky. Someone might come. We take thees fetish to our cabin, then we take our time to look...

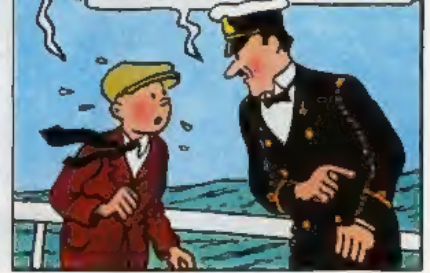


Hello... there's a passenger...



I need to speak to one of your passengers immediately... A Mr. Goldbarr...

Mr. Goldbarr? You'll find him in the first-class dining-room.



Let's hope I've come in time!



Hands up!...



OH!

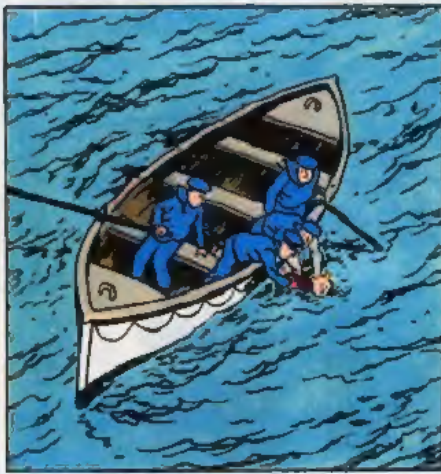
The diamond!



Look out! Thees diamond!

It'll go into the sea!





Oooh! My fetish!
My beautiful fetish!



Mr. Goldbarr?... I'm terribly sorry
your fetish has been damaged.
I can explain everything if you'll
allow me...



... I think you should know
that your fetish is stolen
property.



Yes, I know
where you bought
it, and I'm sure the
man who sold it
to you acted in
good faith...

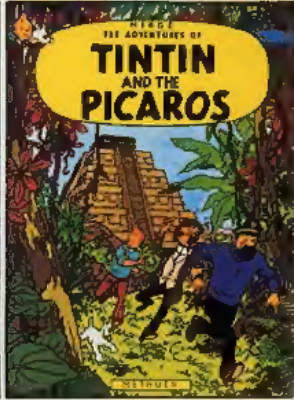
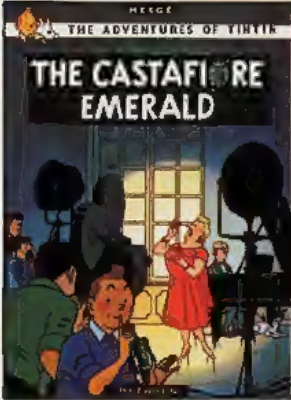
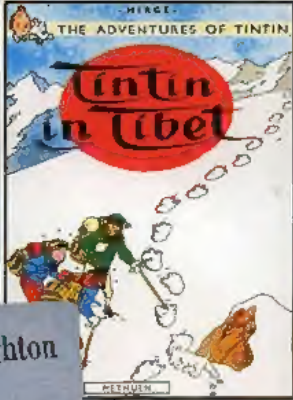
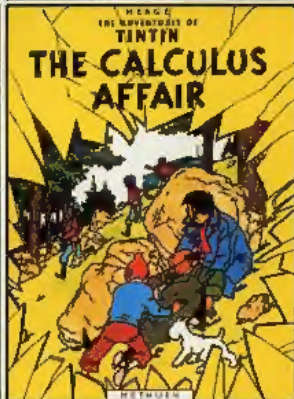
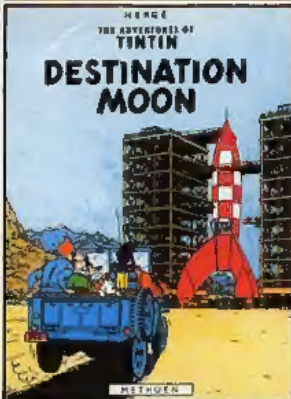
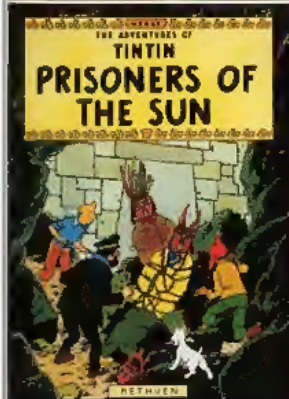
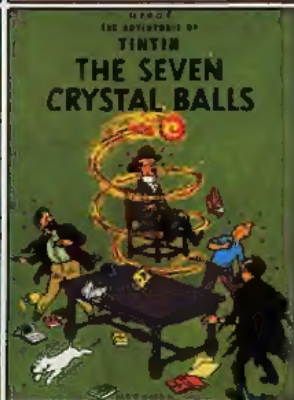
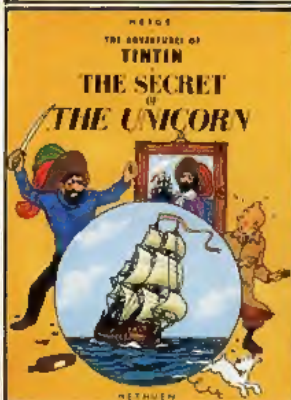
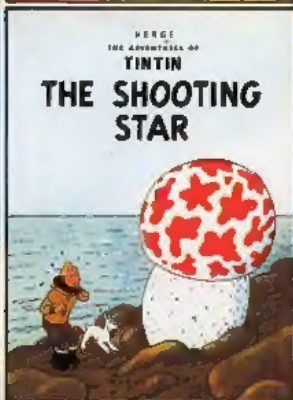
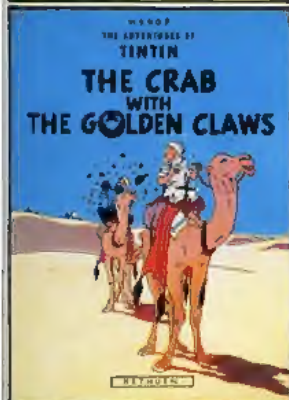
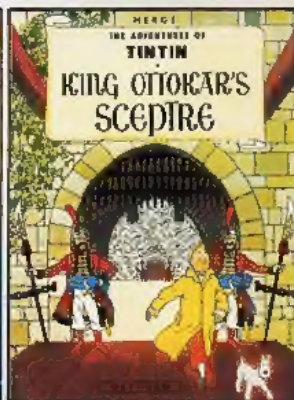
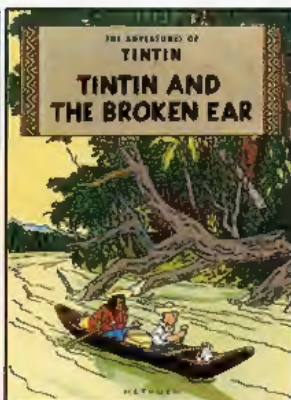
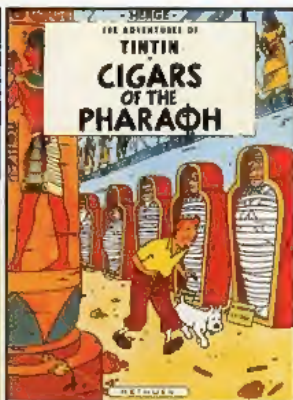
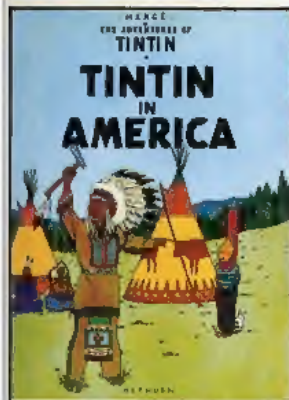
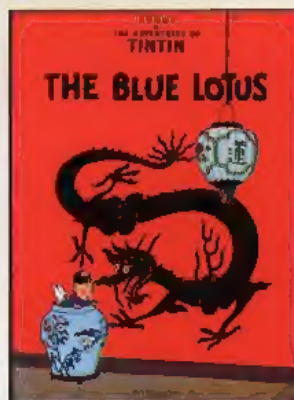
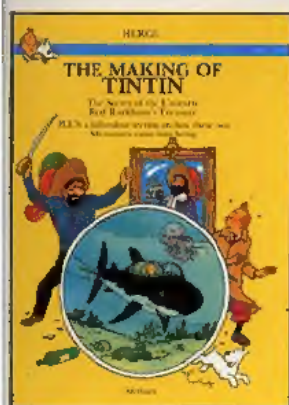


If that's the case, I wouldn't
consider keeping the fetish
for a moment longer. If
you're going back on shore,
can I ask you to take it and
restore it to the museum
where it belongs? I'd
be greatly obliged!



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